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FUNNY

FEB.

PICTURE STORIES

THE ALL-PICTURE MAGAZINE — IN COLORS



THE BROTHERS THREE

They dared the Scourge of the desert

by WILLIAM EISNER

TOM DAWSON, Seascout

A salty, thrilling adventure

by STEVE JUSSEN

COLORFUL SMASH STORIES

by

FILCHOCK

EDWARDS

BASSO

BURESCH

WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM





Vol. I—No. IV

68

FEBRUARY, 1937

CONTENTS

(All Stories Complete)

THE BROTHERS THREE.....**by WILLIAM EISNER**
The French Foreign Legion was powerless to help, but the Brothers Three dared oppose even ACHID BEY, the scourge of the desert!

ROCKY BAIRD.....**by PAUL J. LAURETTA**
Adventurer and World Tramp. Two-fisted adventure and tense moments in the Himalaya Mountains.

THE SWAMP RAT.....**by JOE E. BURESCH**
Who was the mysterious denizen of the swamp?

POACHERS.....**by GEORGE and MARTIN FILCHOCK**
"Rip" Burns tracks a band of poachers, following a trail that reads like a book to an experienced woodsman.

SILVER SPEED.....**by WILLIAM EISNER**
Hockey! Feature illustration done especially for Funny Picture Stories.

BATTLING BEAU BRUMMEL.....**by MALCOLM BRUCE**
If you like excitement and thrills you'll like this!

CAMERA OF CRIME.....**by ELLIS EDWARDS**
The camera picks up evidence that even the sharpest detective is apt to miss.

7-11 GANG.....**by TONY BASSO**
Tracking a gang of killers into the wilds of the North. Anything can happen! And does!

TOM DAWSON, SEASCOUT.....**by STEVE JUSSEN**
A salty yarn of the high seas and a boy who was shanghaied. How he outwitted a ruthless crew of smugglers and—but read the story.

YELLOW TERROR.....**by CLAIRE S. MOE**
A web of intrigue spins itself about a young American and his family in China, the land of the yellow dragon.

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THE BROTHERS 3

BY
WILLIAM FISNER

IN THE OFFICE
OF THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION
IN FRENCH MORROCCO - A PROMINENT
MERCHANT PLEADS —



- MY FRIEND -
THE LEGION
CAN DO NOTHING
- YOU ARE AN
AMERICAN AND A
PRIVATE CONCERN
- IT WOULD MAKE
INTERNATIONAL
COMPLICATIONS -



AT THE HOME OF THREE BROTHERS —

2



P1

4

-I DOUBT WHETHER ONLY 3 MEN COULD
HANDLE IT - BUT - I'LL EXPLAIN —
ABOUT 25 MILES NORTH OF HERE, IS A
CARAVAN-OWNED BY MY COMPANY-CARRYING
A LOAD OF HERBS - WHICH - SCIENTISTS SAY
MIGHT BE DEVELOPED INTO A VALUABLE
CURE FOR CANCER - - HALF-WAY FROM HERE
IS 'BEN ALI' WHO PLANS TO INTERCEPT THEM
AND HOLD THE CARGO FOR
RANSOM - WHICH HE KNOWS HE
WILL GET - 'BEN ALI' MUST
BE STOPPED - THE CARAVAN
MUST REACH HERE - MORROCCO
IN TIME FOR THE NEXT
BOAT TO AMERICA —



5

-HM-WE'LL TAKE THE JOB
- LET'S SEE NOW-YES
I'VE GOT A PLAN - THERE'S
NO TIME TO WASTE

THERE NOW
'TIS A CINCH



6

-FATTS TAKE THE MACHINE
GUN, A COUPLE OF ROUNDS OF
AMMUNITION - AND WAIT FOR
ME IN THE RUINS OF ACHID BEY
- MR. THORMICK - I THINK
YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CARGO
IN TIME —

BARON GET YOUR PLANE
IN SHAPE - MEET ME JUST
OUTSIDE OF **BEN ALI'S** CAMP -
TOMORROW
MORNING!

BOSS



8

ACH NUTS!! - 'TIS
A LONG WAY FER ME
TO WALK - I FEREVER
GIT THE HARD JOBS
WITH PROBABLY NO
FOITIN' T'DO -

IF YOU ARE
SUCCESSFUL. MR.
SMITH, - YOU CAN
NAME YOUR OWN
PRICE - GOOD LUCK!



9



--DUSK--EVENING--NIGHT--
--THEN IN THE DAWN OF THE NEXT
MORNING - A LONE HORSE MAN
SLOWLY RIDES INTO THE CAMP OF
OF THE WARLIKE TRIBE OF 'BENALI'
— HE DISMOUNTS —

10.



A

ND SO THE
THREE ADVENTURERS SET OUT INTO
THE FATHOMLESS DESERT — AGAINST
OVERWHELMING ODDS —

11. -ALI - I HAVE
COME TO ASK THAT
YOU ALLOW THE
AMERICAN CARAVAN
THRU TO MORROCCO
UNHARMED - IT CONTAINS
A GREAT MEDICAL CURE
FOR STRICKEN PEOPLE



12.

HA-HA-AND IF I REFUSE ?!
BAH!-COULD YOU STOP ME ??
FOOL - WHAT CARE I FOR
YOUR STUPID CURES —
**THE CARAVAN
WILL NOT GET THRU**



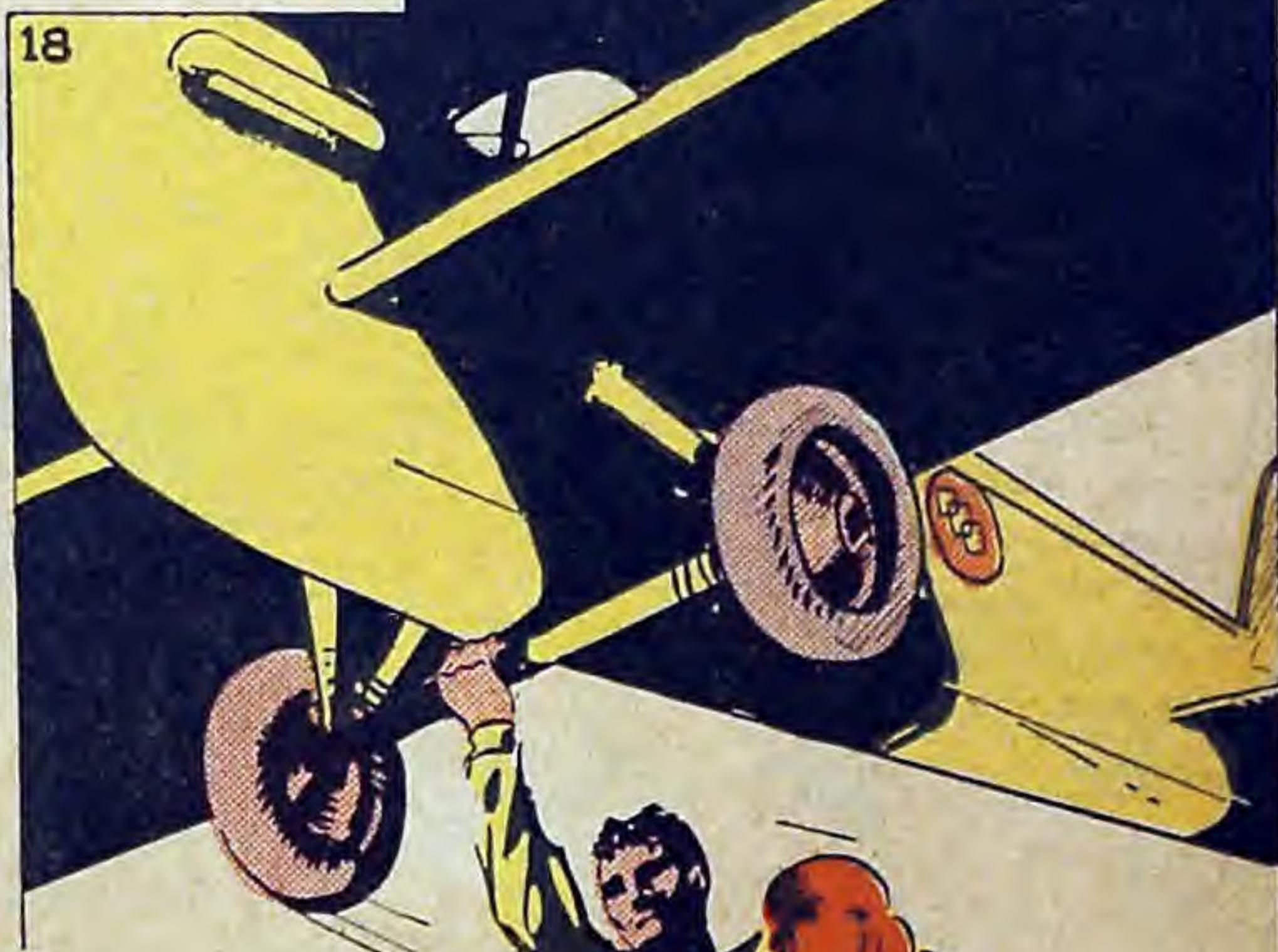
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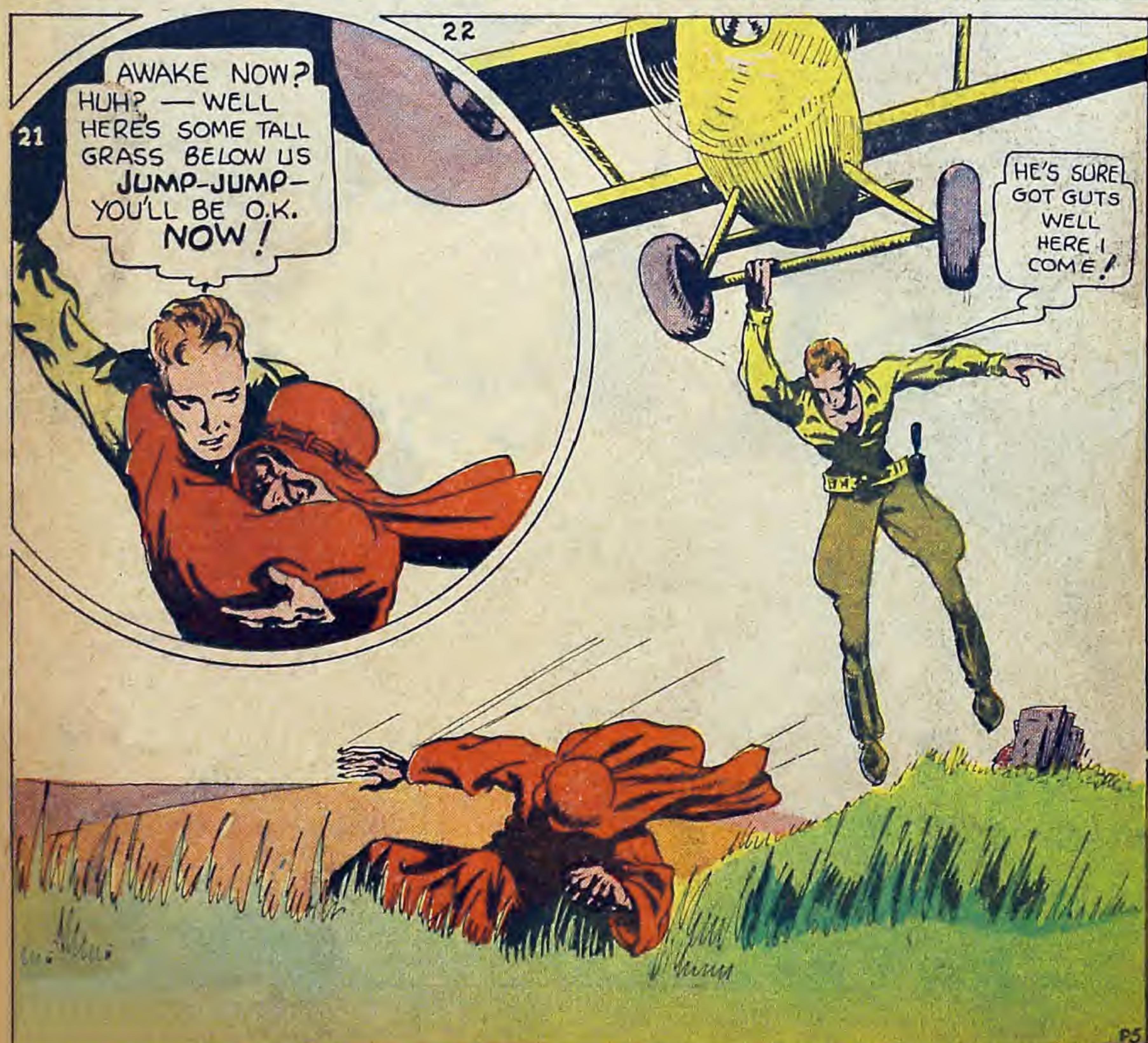
OH YES
IT WILL!





-THEIR FLIGHT IS SOON DISCOVERED
AND THEY ARE PURSUED —





-BOTH ARE KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS
BY THE FALL — BEN ALI IS FIRST
TO RECOVER — AND HIS ONLY THOUGHT
IS VENGEANCE — — —

23



-SO—THE WHITE PIG
THINKS HE CAN PLAY
WITH BEN ALI—-I'LL KILL—

24



-NO YOU DON'T—MEIN
TREACHEROUS FRIEND

25



-BOY-OH-BOY YOU
CAME IN TIME!
— THIS PRETTY
RAT WOULD HAVE
CUT MY HEART
OUT!! — —
WHEW!!

-JA—AND YOU
TOOK A FOOLISH
CHANCE JUMPING
FROM THE PLANE
— HF.—I HEAR THE
SHOUTS OF THE
PURSUING RIFFS
LET'S MOVE
ON —



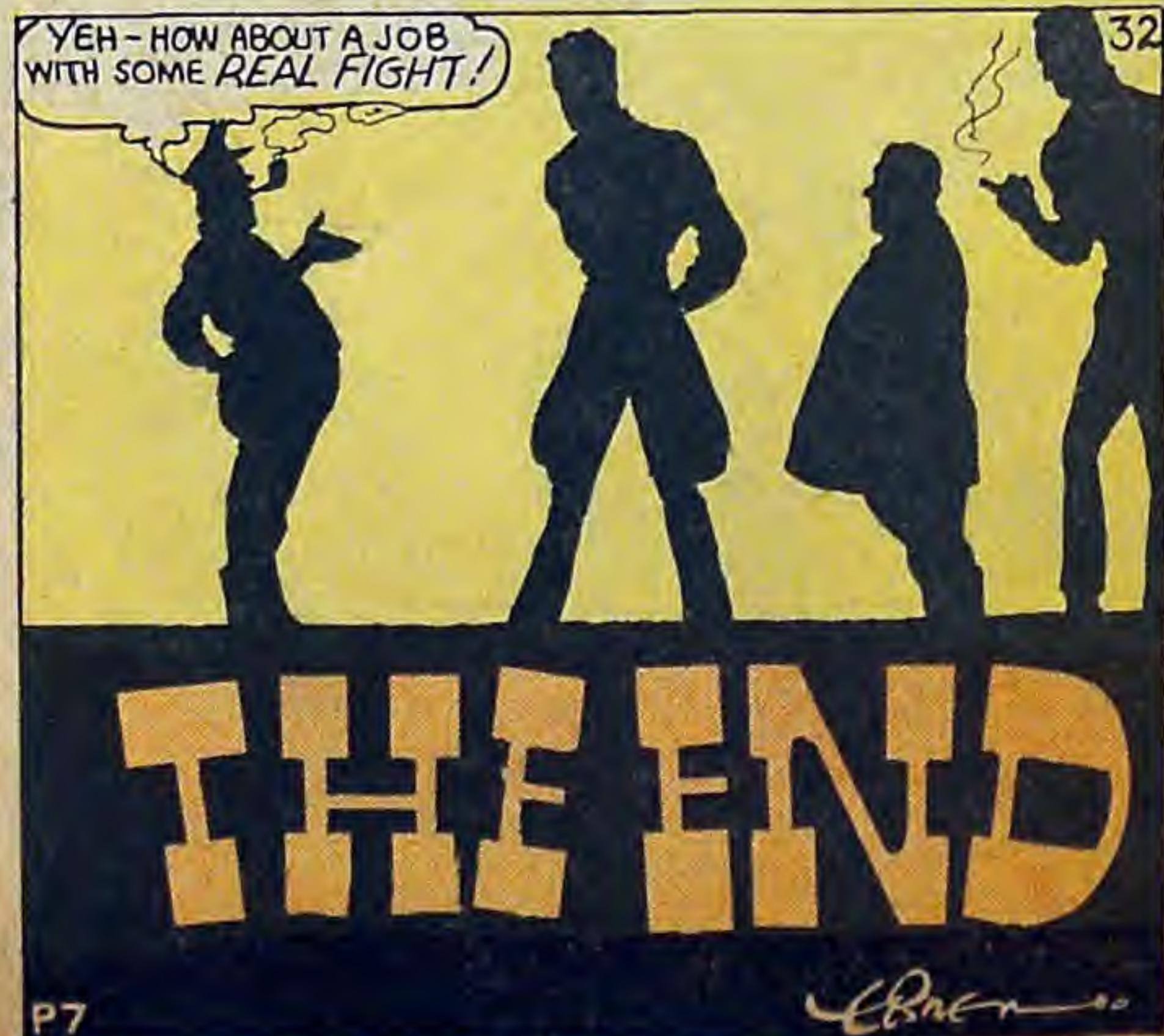
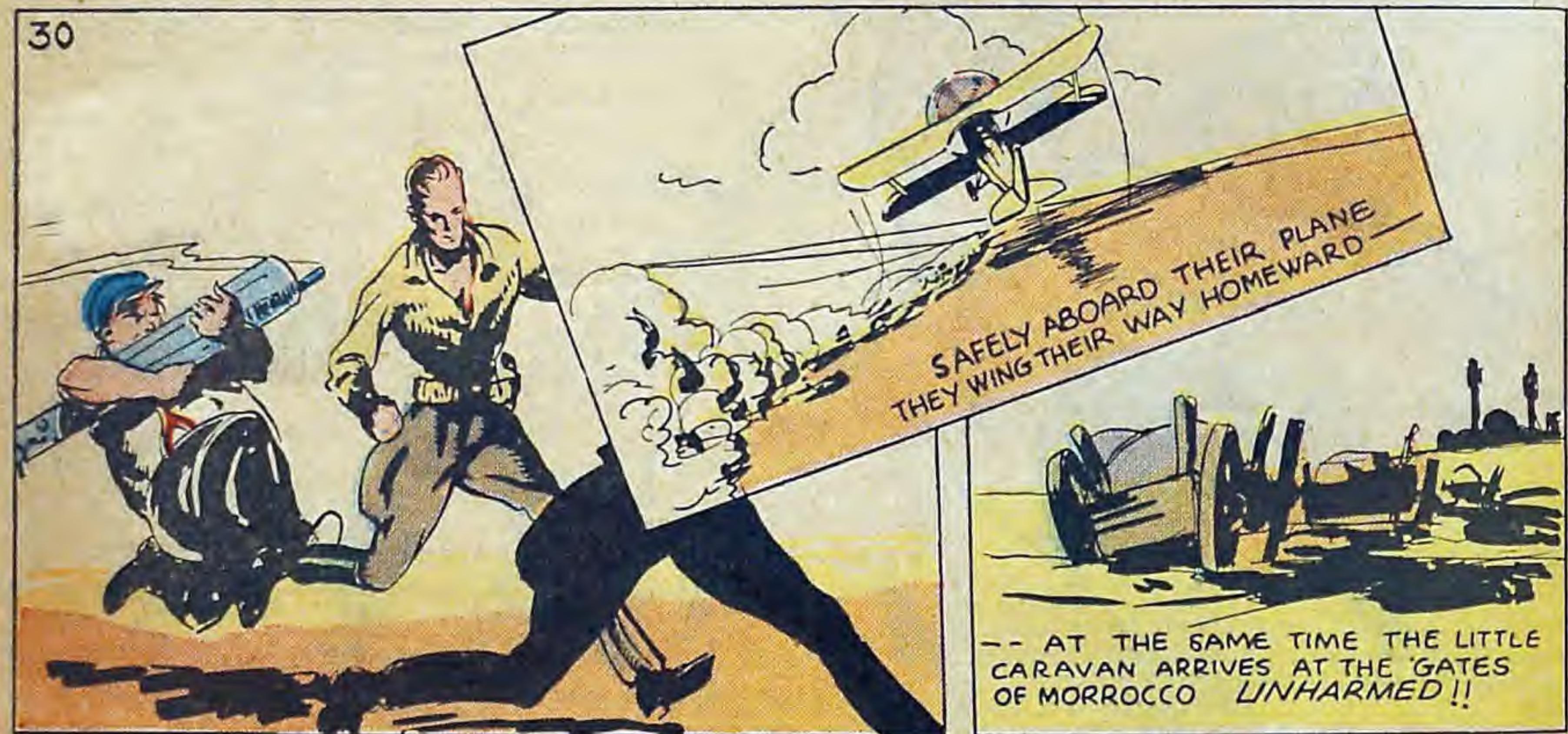
27

-I HAVE THE PLANE
HIDDEN BEHIND THOSE
RUINS—READY TO
TAKE OFF

FOOL! DOGS!
MY MEN WILL
TEAR YOU
TO PIECES!!

-GOOD-BARON- WE'LL NEED
IT SOON— — BETTER COME
QUIETLY BEN-ALI, OR I'LL SICK
YOU AGAIN — SAY! THE RIFFS
ARE ATTACKING THE
MAIN RUINS — AND
FATTS IS HOLDING
THEM OFF — LET'S
HELP HIM C'MON! —





ROCKY

Baircl
by PAUL J. LAURETTA

IN THE HIMALAYA MOUNTAINS, NORTHERN FRONTIER OF BRITISH INDIA, A LONE FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY SOUTHWARD THROUGH A NARROW PASS.



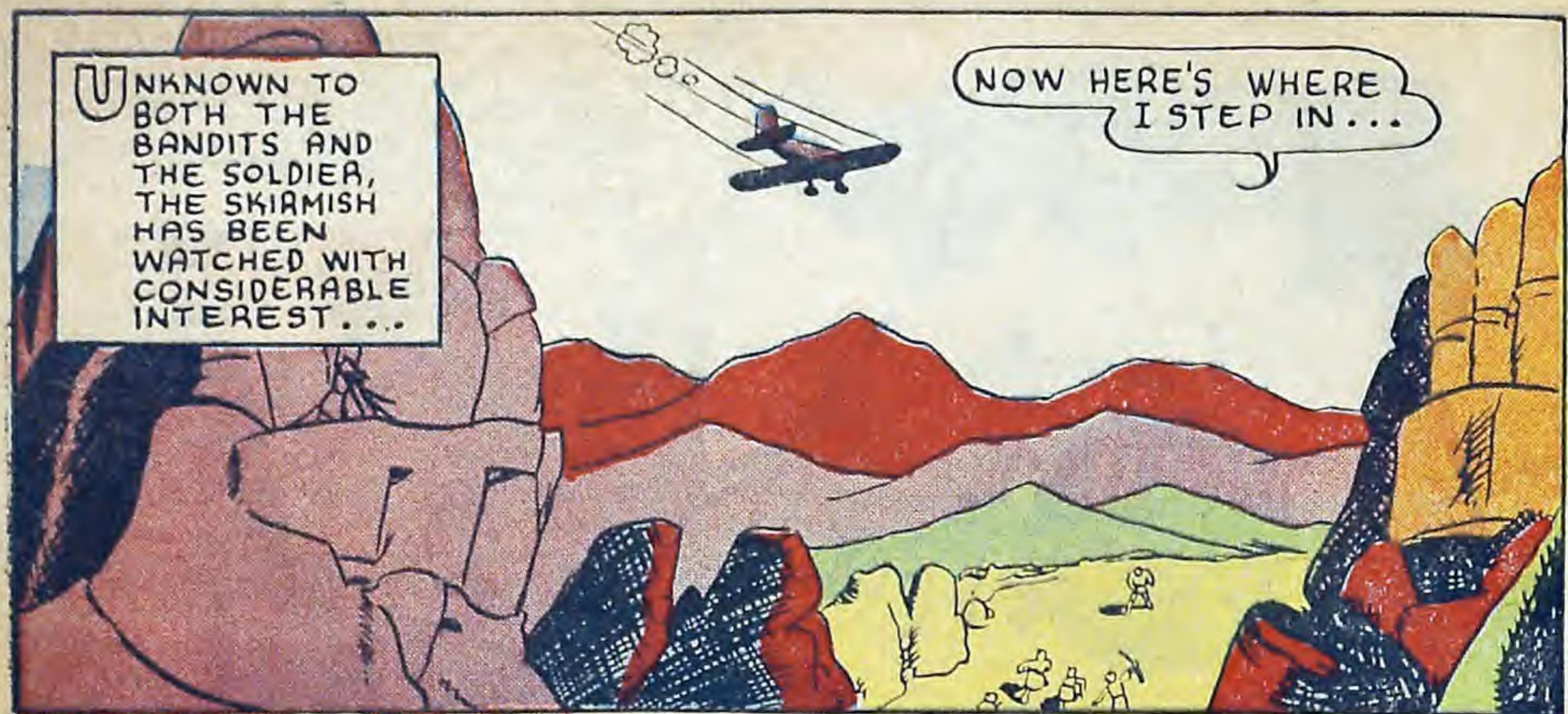
NOW, THESE MOUNTAINS ARE SOMETIMES OVER-RUN WITH BLOOD-THIRSTY BANDITS, SO, IT IS NOT UNUSUAL WHEN THIS LONE TRAVELER HAPPENS UPON A DOZEN OF THEM!



...BUT THE SOLDIER RETURNS THE FIRE WITHOUT BATTING AN EYE!!

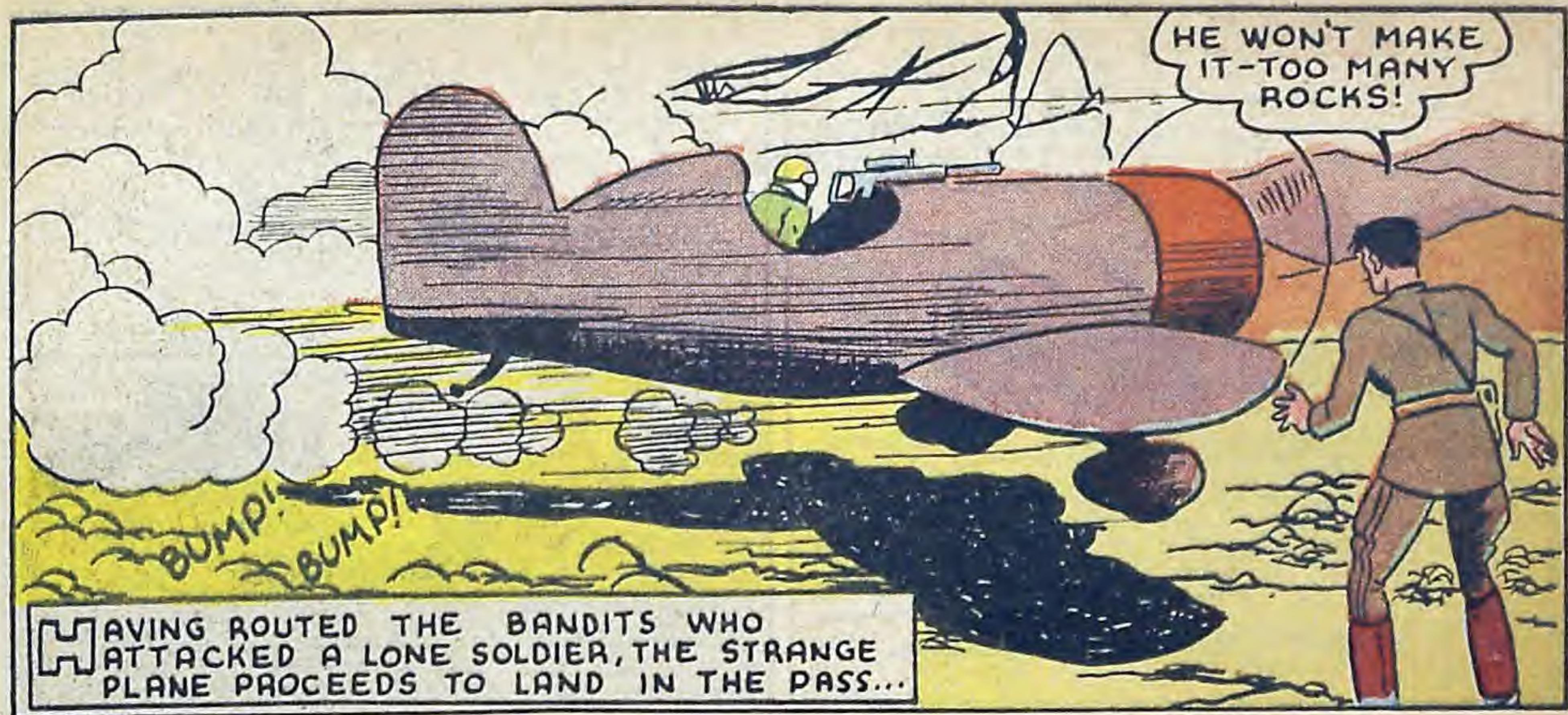


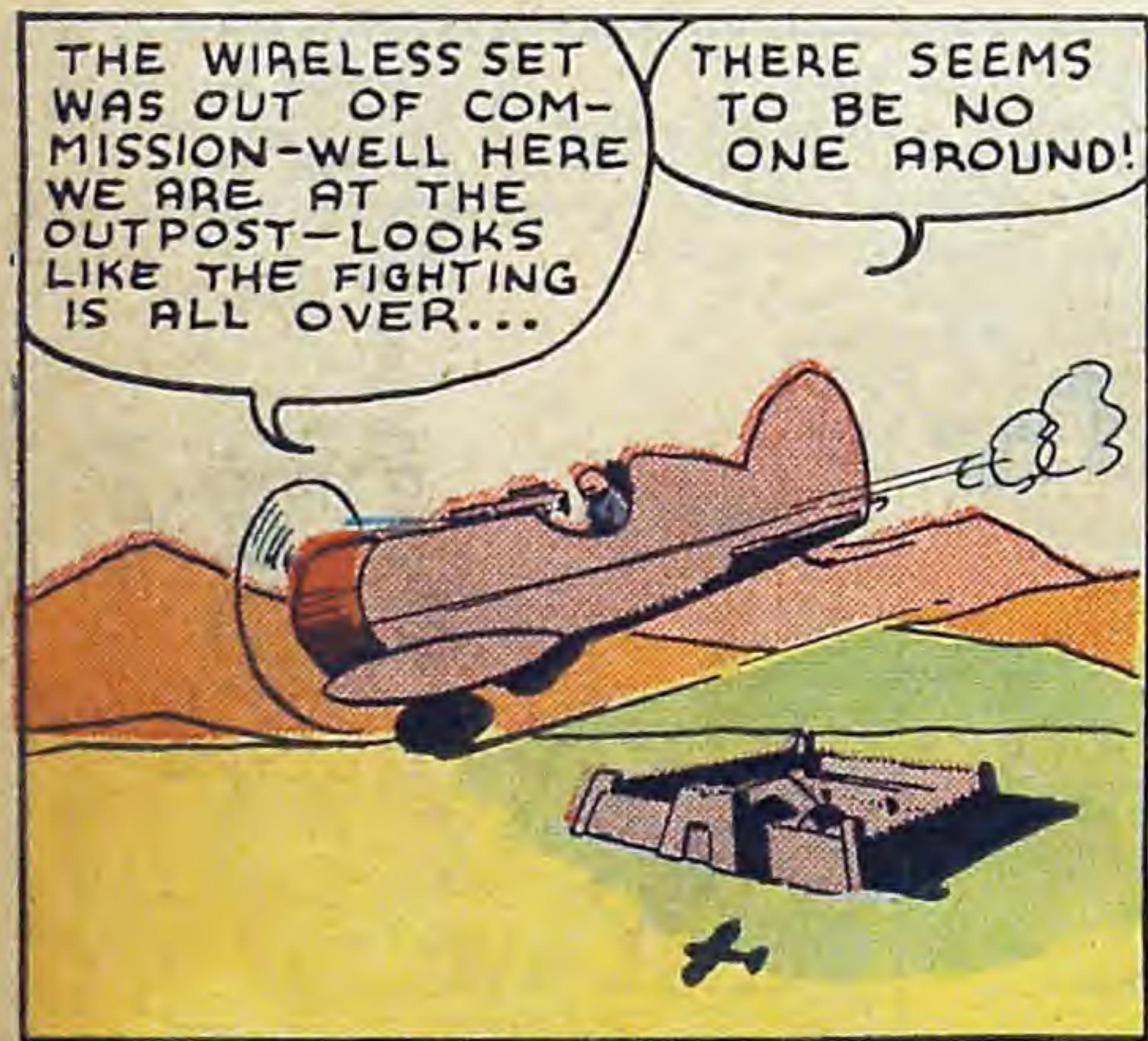
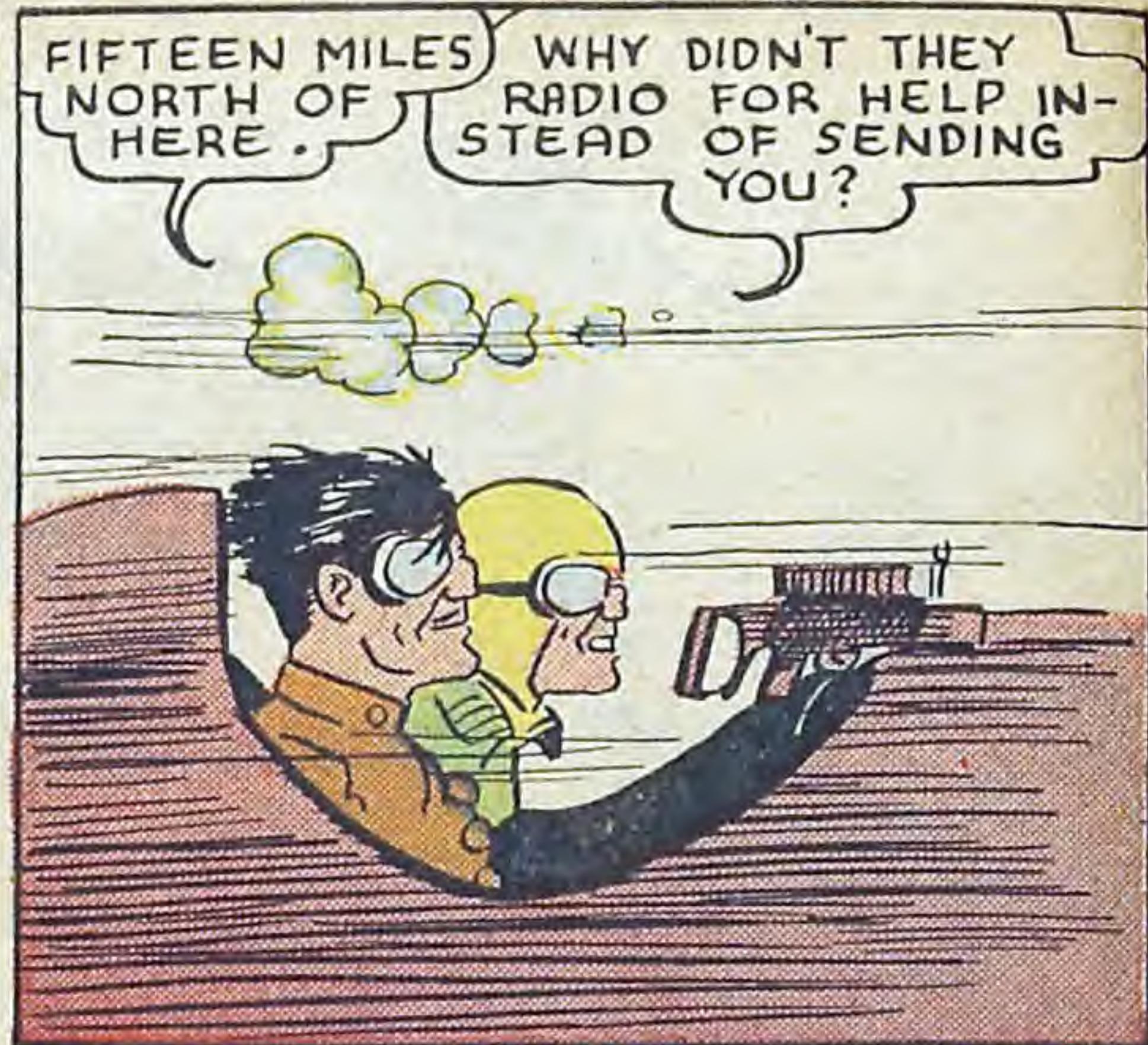
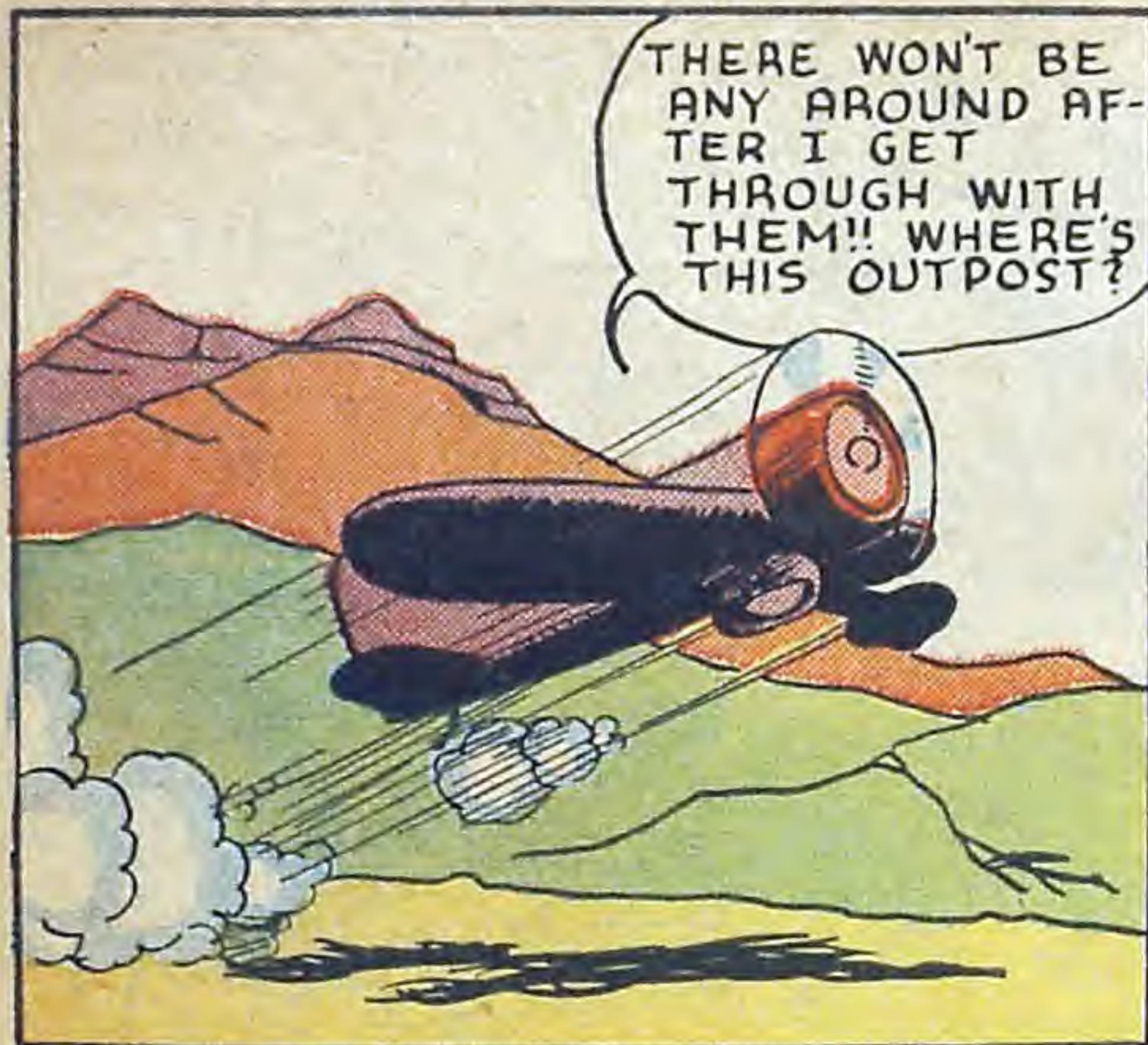
NO. 1



PAUL R. LAURENT







.... AND NOW, AS THEY EMERGE
FROM THE OUTPOST.....

HURRY!! NOT ONE
OF THOSE DOGS
MUST LIVE!!

WHEN ROCKY AND THE LIEUTENANT LANDED
AT THE OUTPOST LITTLE DID THEY RE-
ALIZE THAT THE SHARP-EYED REAR-
GUARD OF THE RETREATING BANDITS HAD
SEEN THEM.....

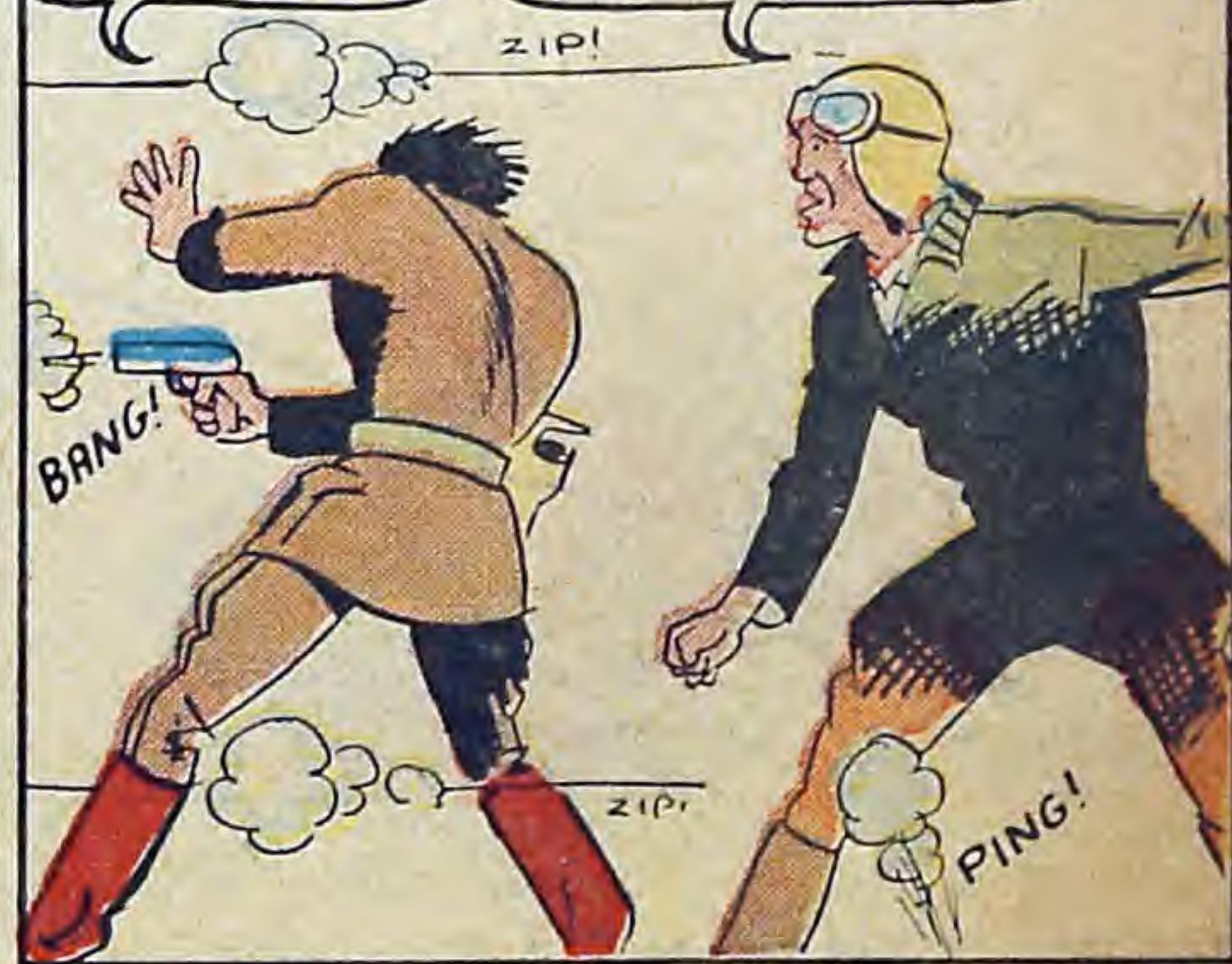
YEOW!!



EMITTING HIDEOUS HOWLS, THE BANDITS
LEAP FORTH FOR THE KILL!!

WOW!! HERE
THEY COME!

QUICK!! CLIMB
IN THE PLANE!!



HALT!!

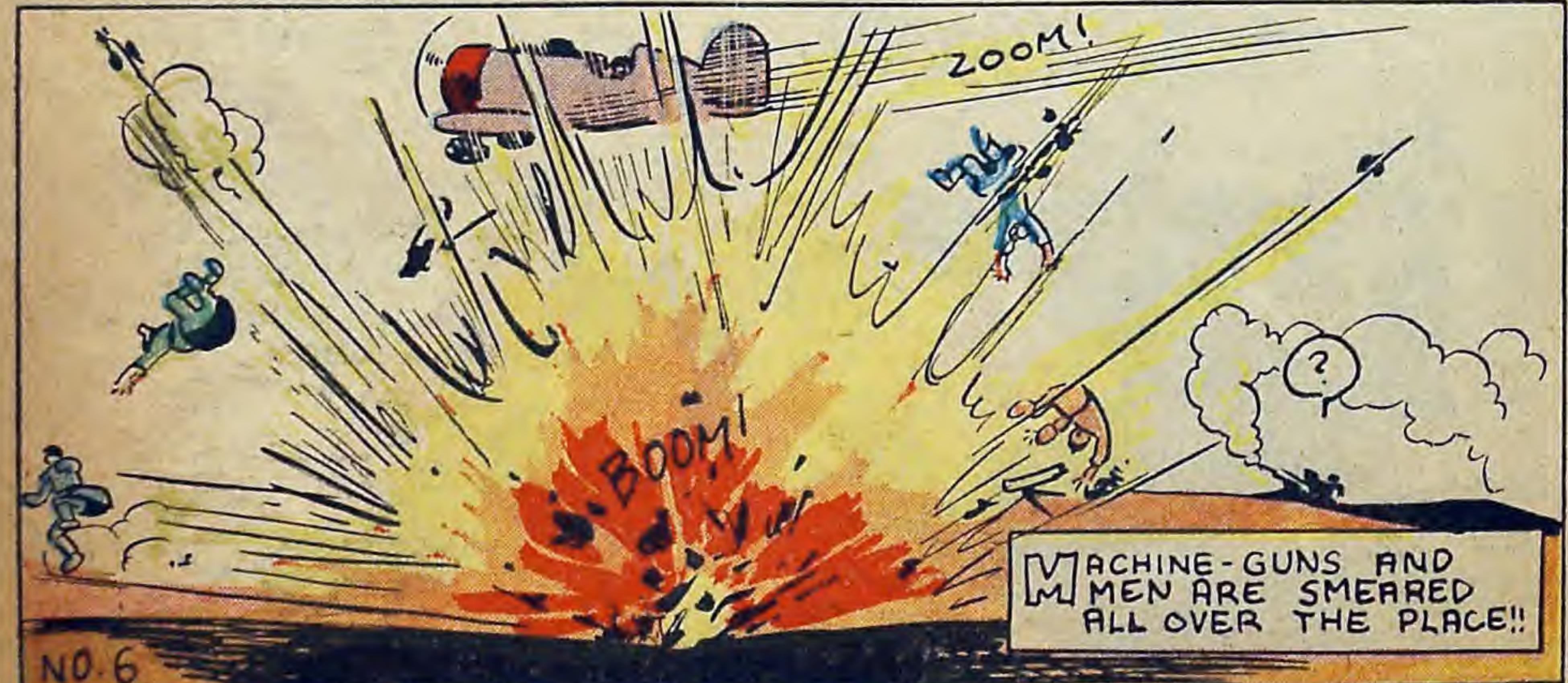
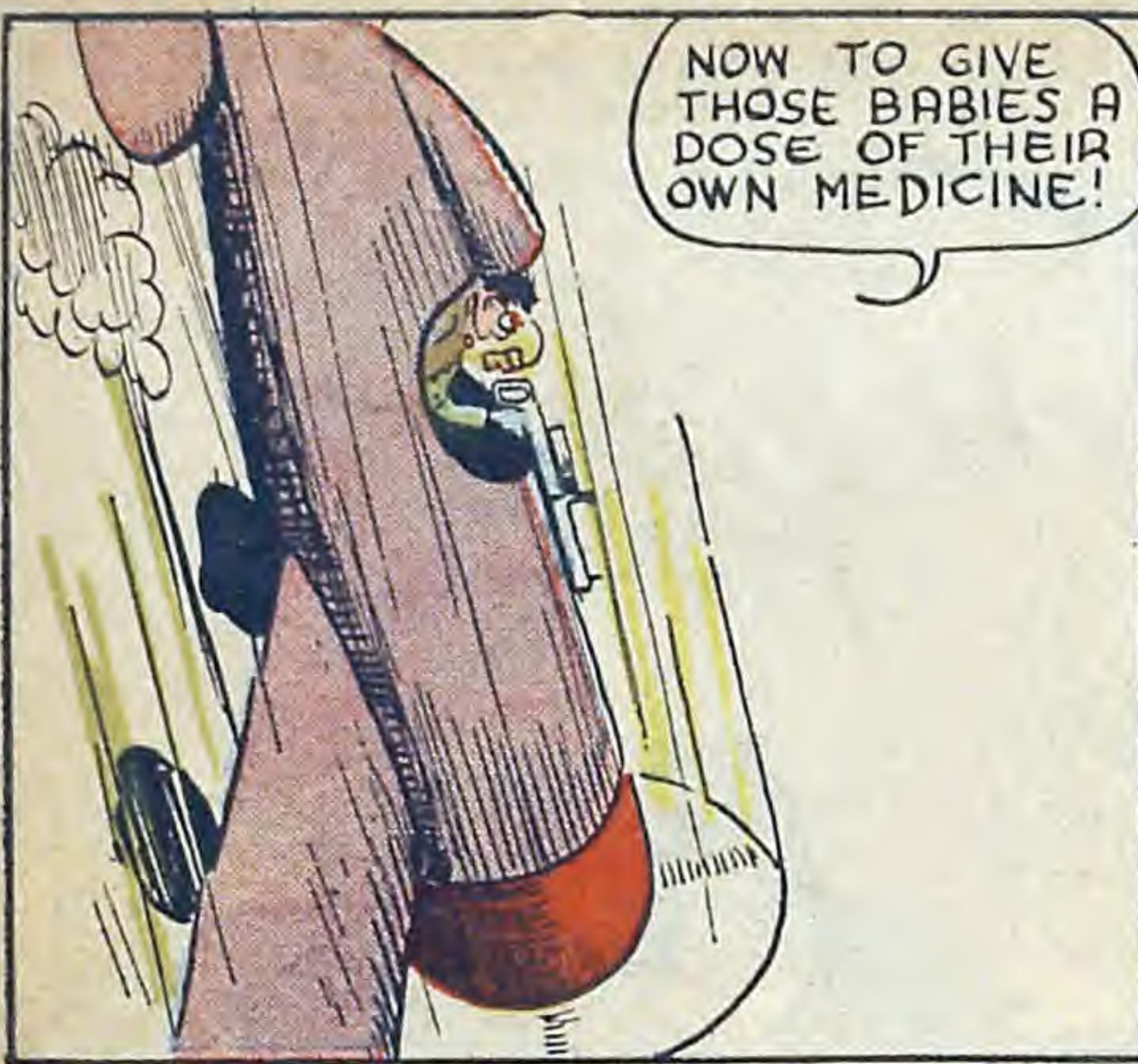
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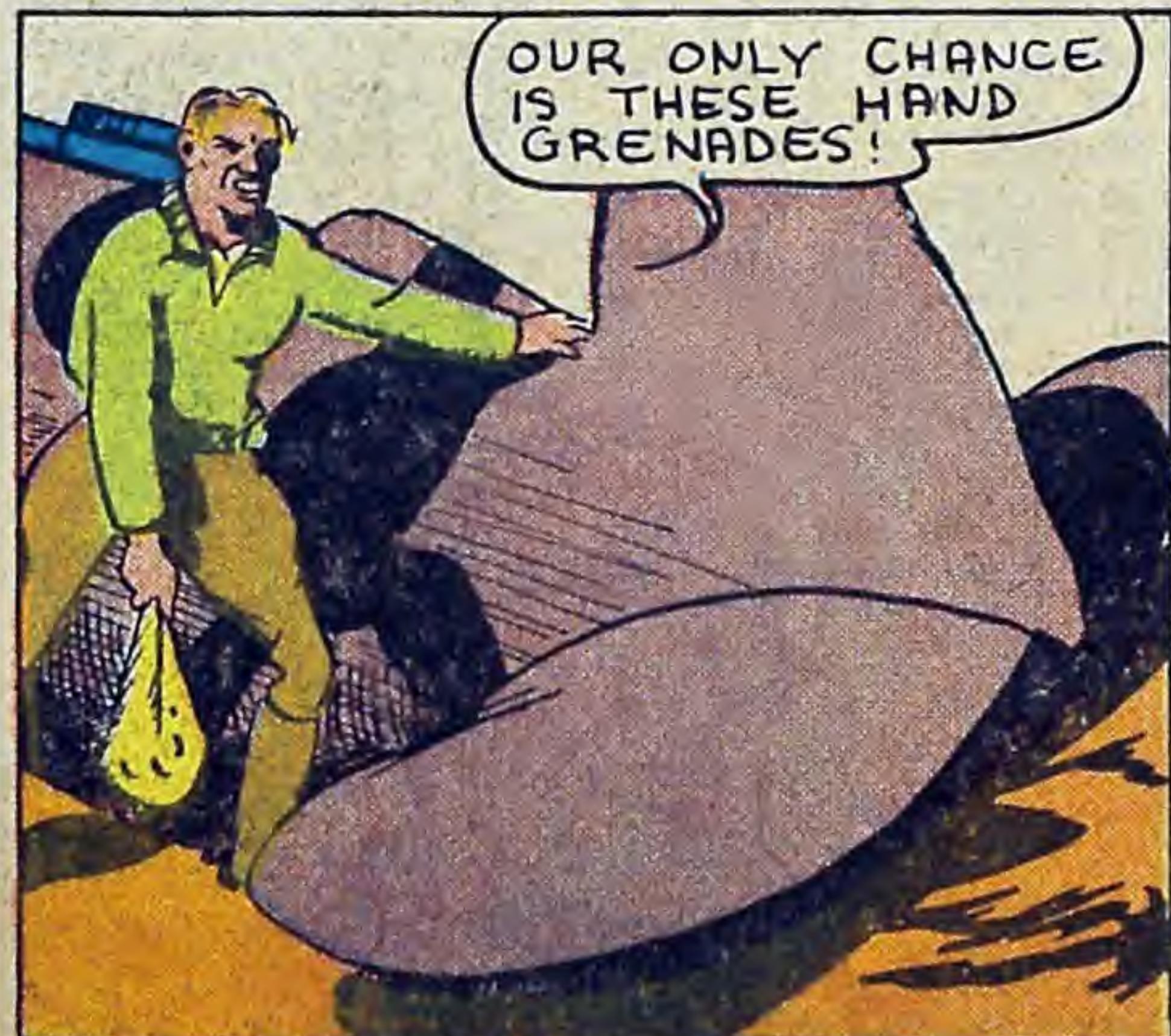
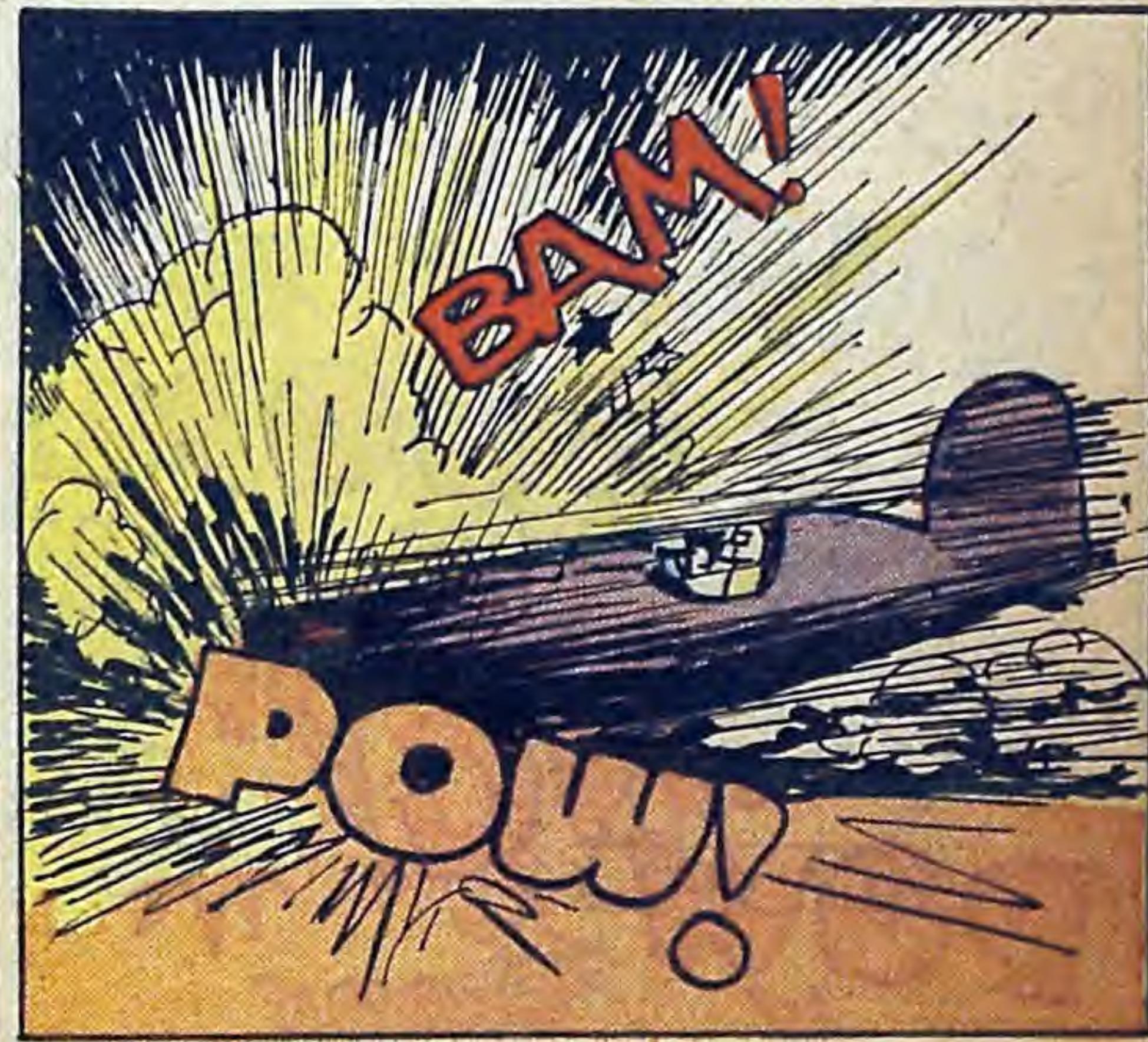
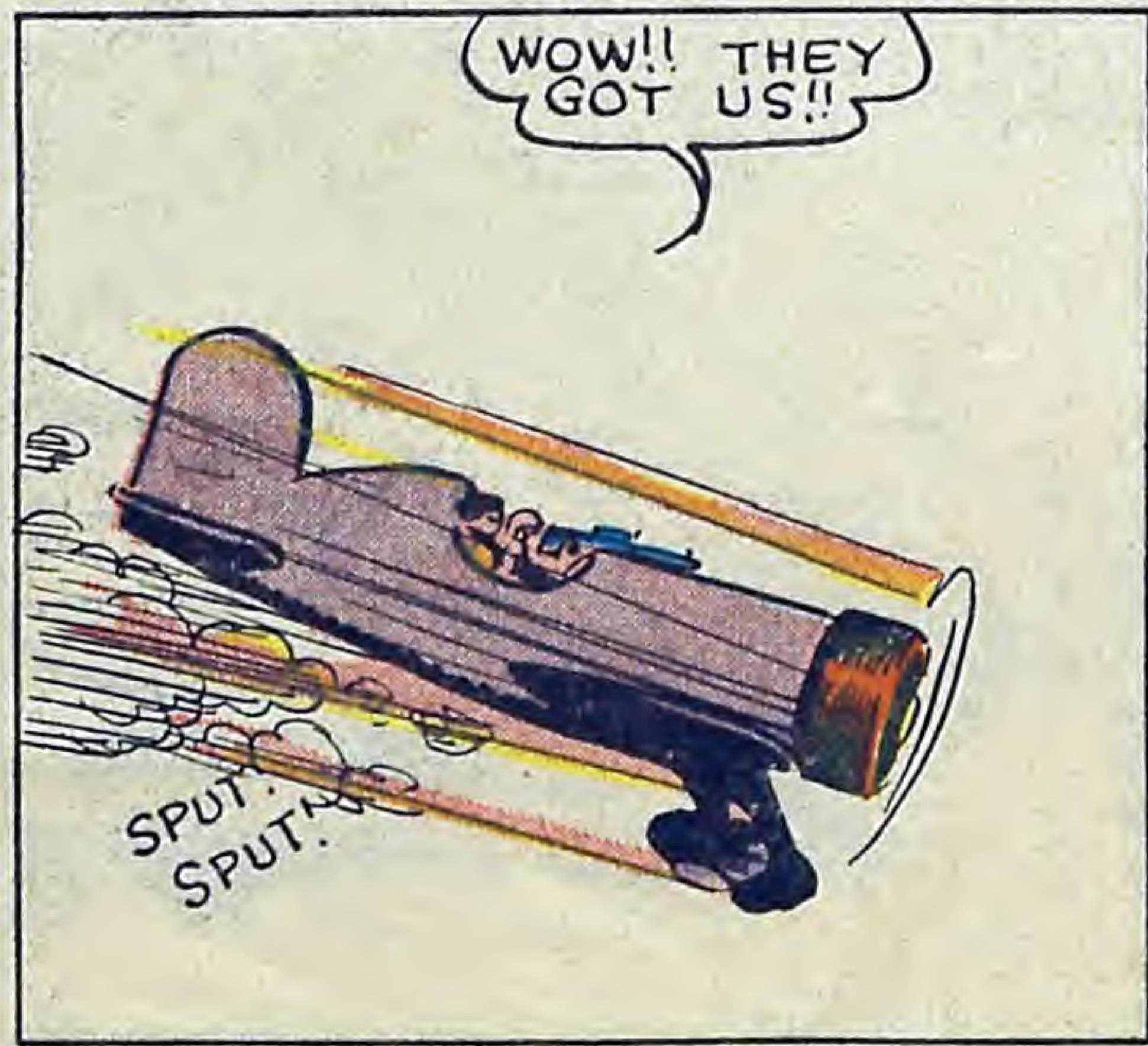
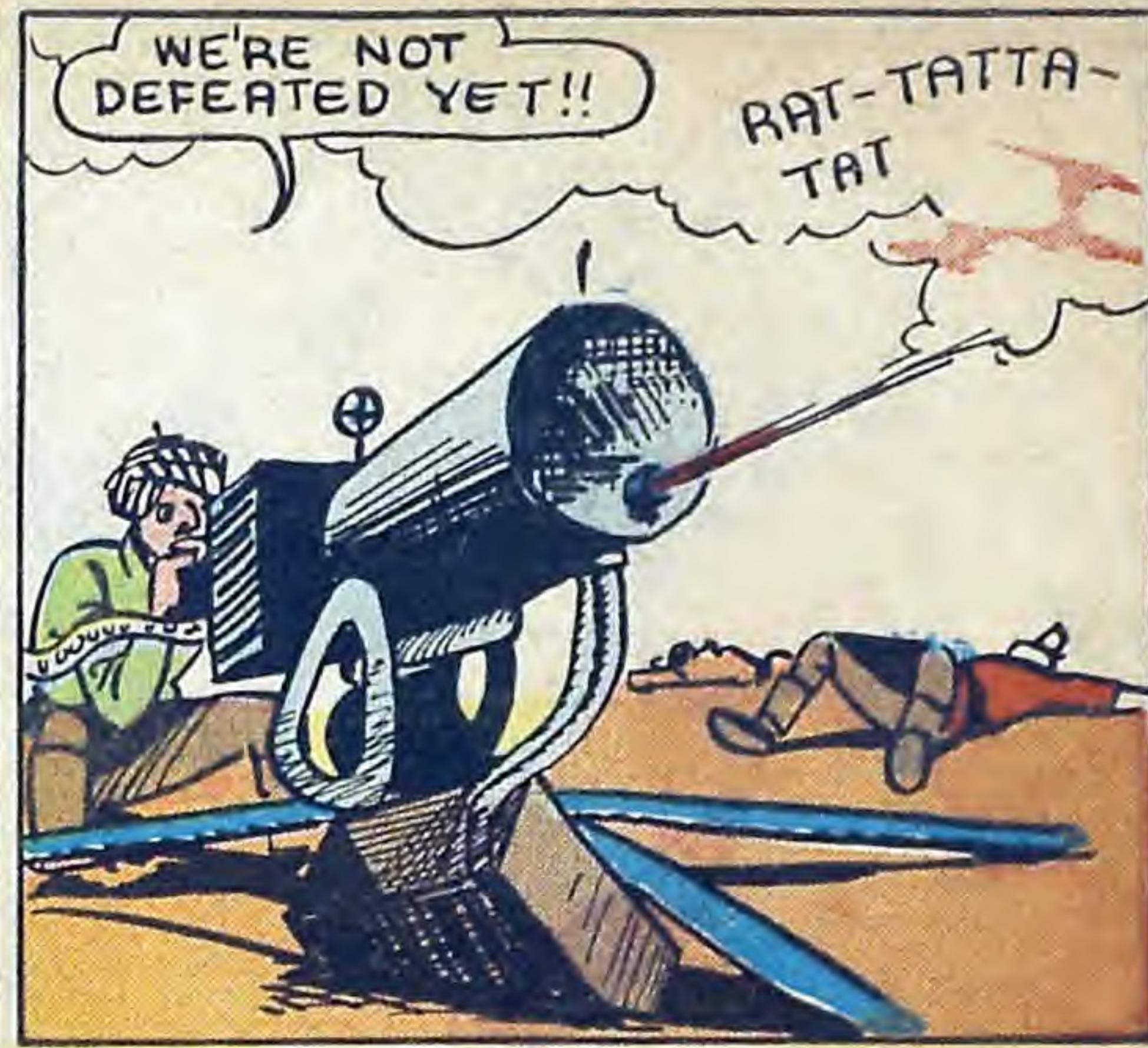
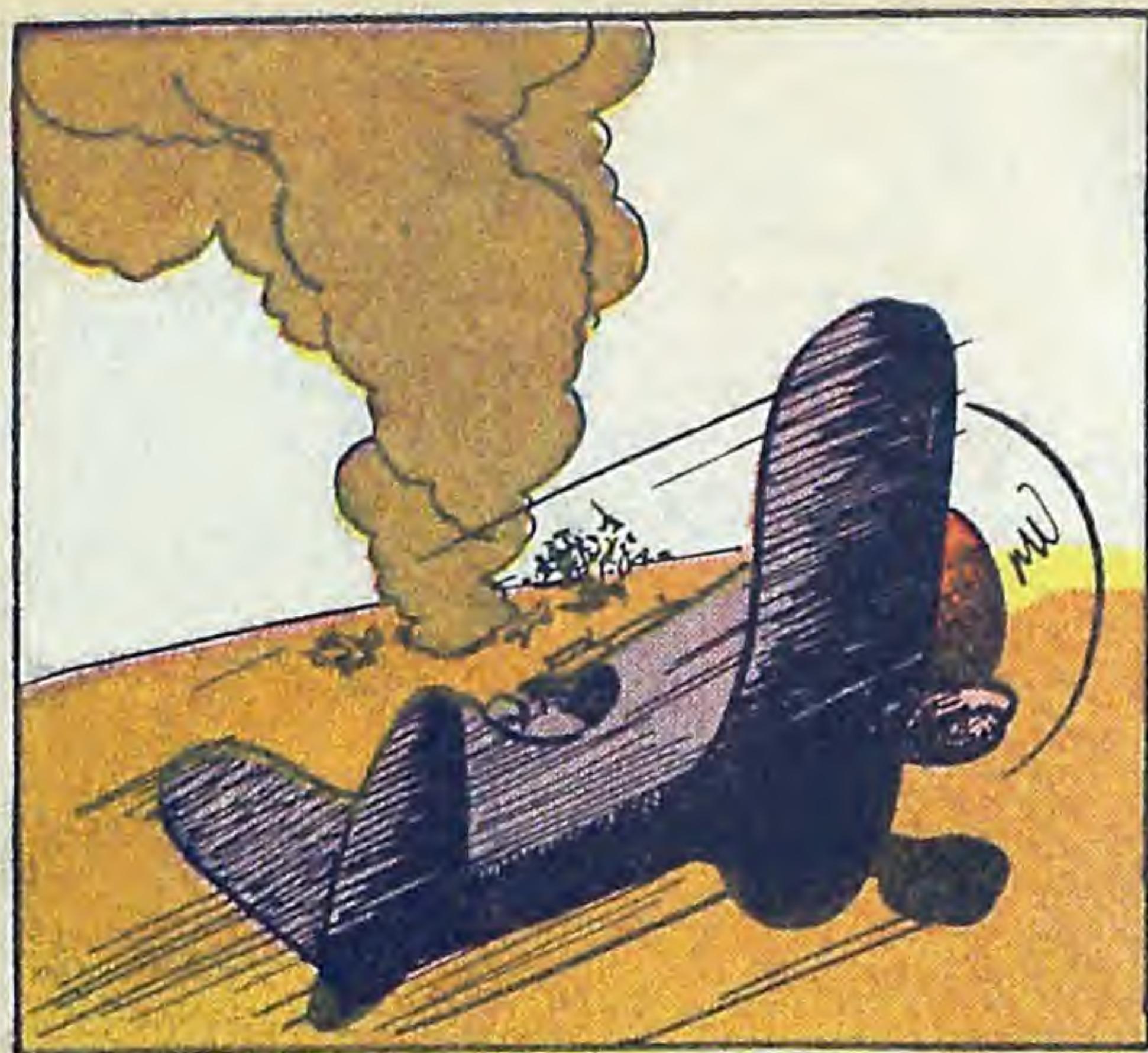
POW

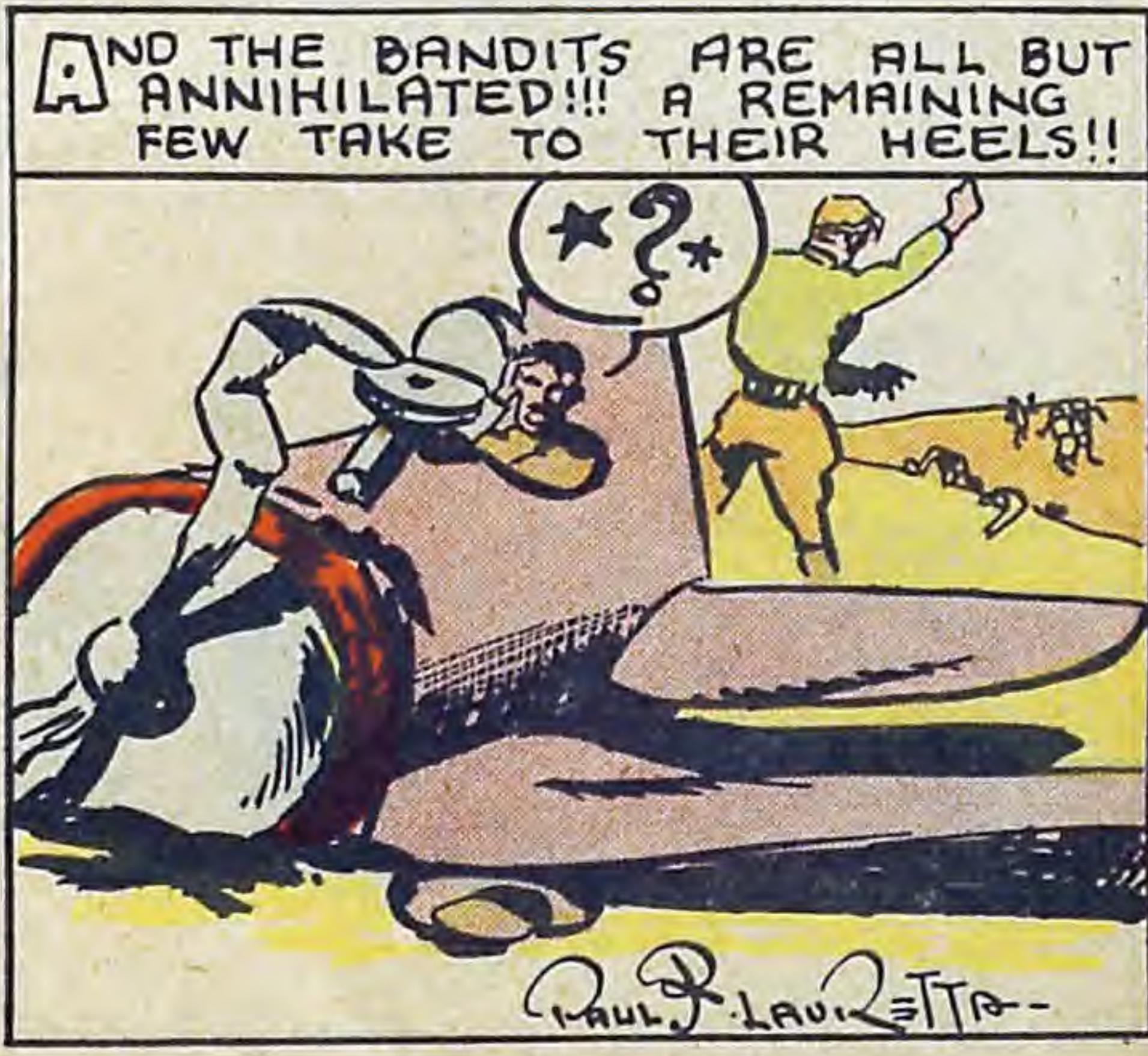
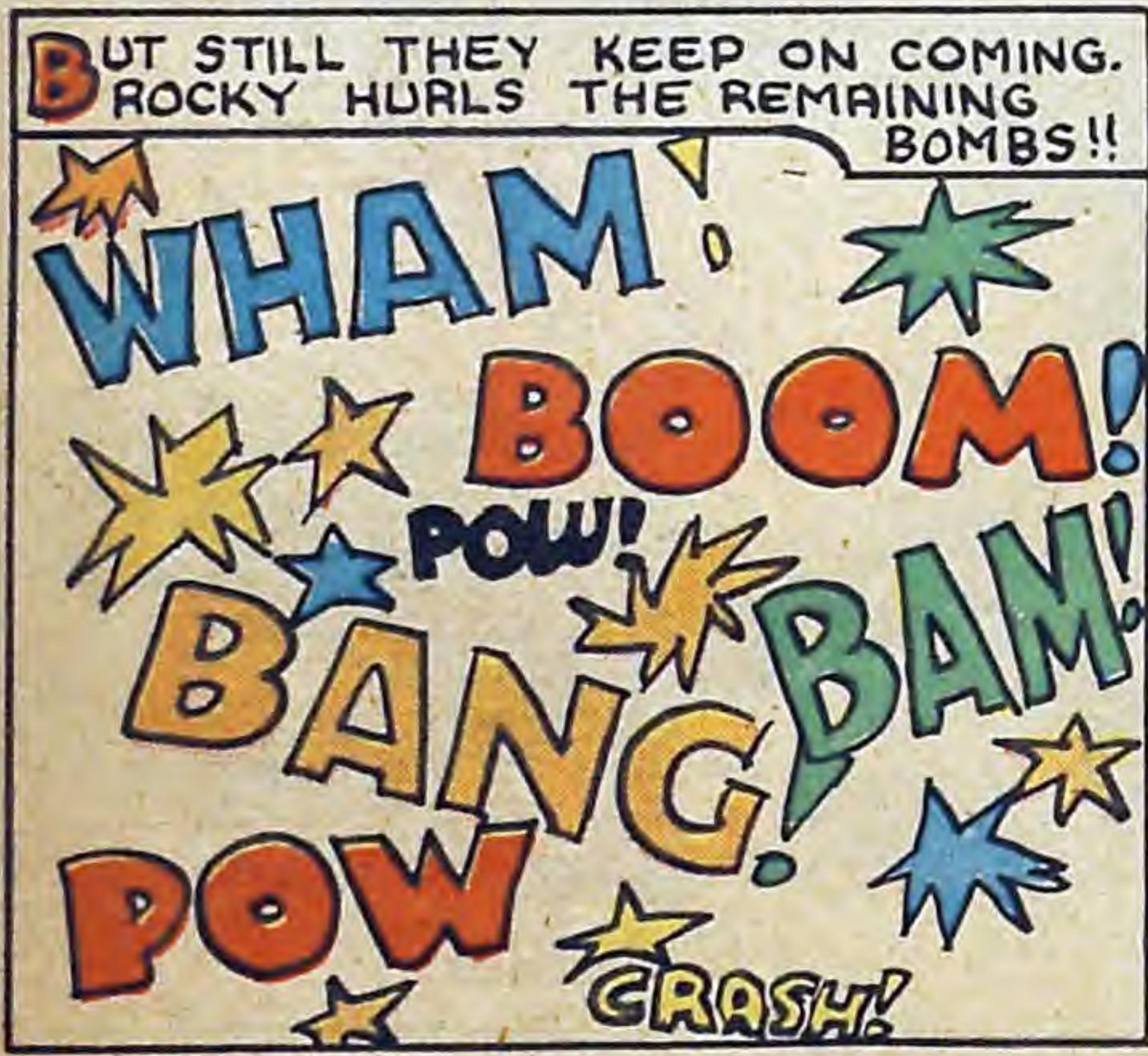
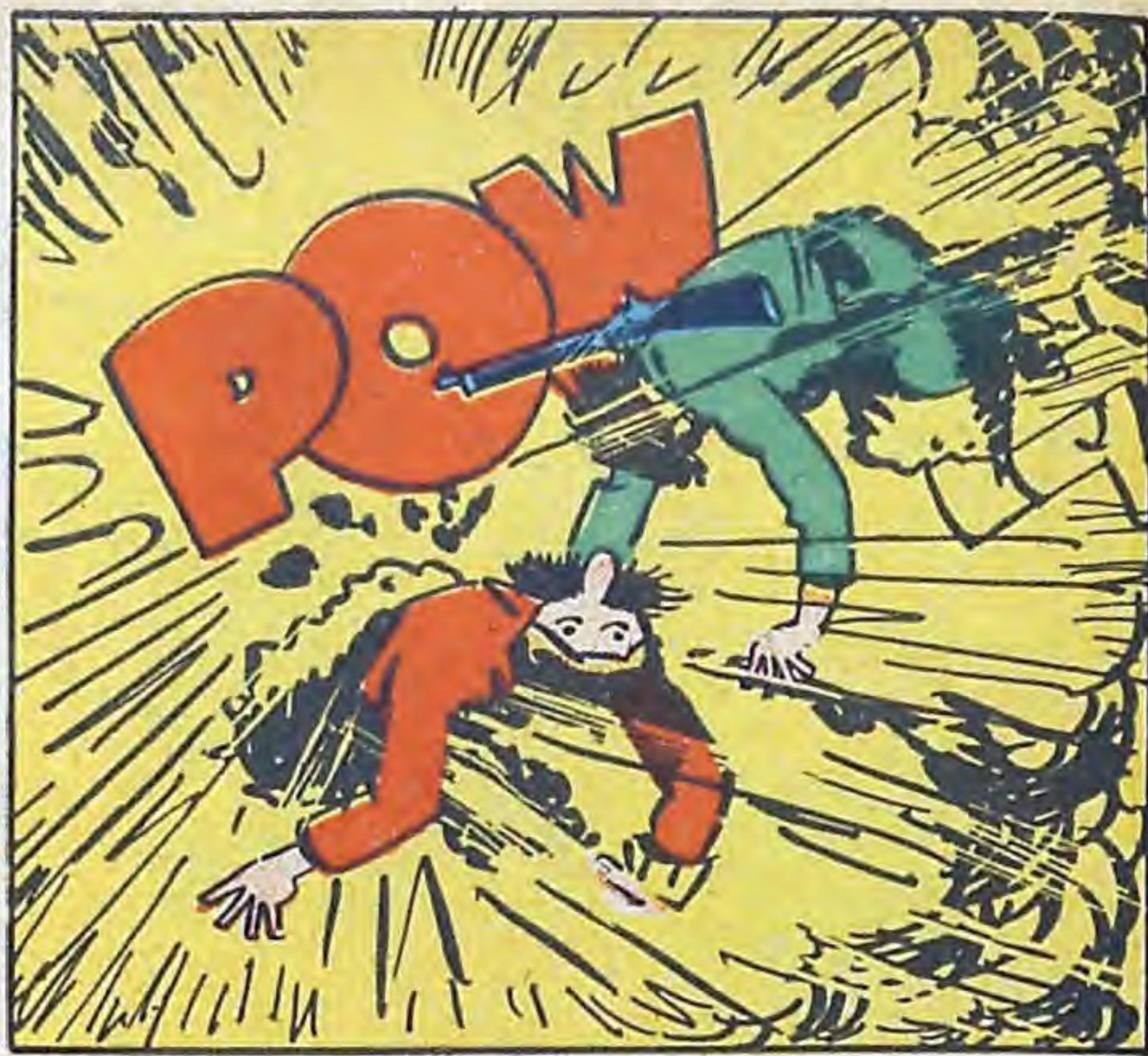
BANG!

THUD!









The SWAMP RAT

by JOE E BURESCHE





STARTING BACK
TO HIS BOAT,
OUR FRIEND
MEETS A THIRD
PARTY

WELL ! AND WHAT'S
A SWELL LOOKER
LIKE YOU DOING
HERE ?

SOME-
TIMES
I WONDER
MISTER

HEY !!

WAIT A
MINUTE !
LET'S GET
ACQUAINTED
WHAT'S THE
HURRY ?

SORRY



THE NEXT DAY,
FISHING BEING DULL,
THE FELLOW DECIDES
TO VISIT THE SWAMP
SECTION AGAIN

I'LL STICK AROUND
THIS PLACE UNTIL
I MEET THAT
GIRL AGAIN . GOSH !!
WHAT A LOOKER !



I HAD A
FEELING I'D
MEET YOU
AGAIN

YOU
SHOULDN'T
HAVE
COME
HERE

SAY.. WHY
ALL THE
MYSTERY
?

WELL .. IT'S
NOT SAFE
HERE. A
MAN CALLED
THE SWAMP



YEH, I HEARD ABOUT
HIM. SAY --- IT'S DANGEROUS
FOR YOU TO BE --

LISTEN



BEFORE ANOTHER WORD
WAS SPOKEN, THE "SWAMP
RAT" JUMPED FROM THE
BUSHES --



THE SPORTSMAN HAD
FALLEN INTO
QUICKSAND !! HE STARTED
TO SINK !!



SAVE HIM ! YOU
CAN'T LET HIM
DIE LIKE THAT !!



THE GIRL, SCREAMING,
WAS TAKEN AWAY --



A LOG WAS LYING
ACROSS THE DEADLY
BLACK MUD -- THE MAN
HUNG ON --



HE WAS BEING PULLED
DOWN, HIS STRENGTH WAS
LEAVING HIM AND HIS
FAINT SHOUT FOR HELP
WAS IN VAIN .



SUDDENLY, THE GIRL
APPEARED, SOBBING
AND TERRIFIED.



HE CRAWLED OUT ON THE LOG, TRYING TO LIFT HIM. HE TRYED HARD TO LIFT HIMSELF



A LITTLE LATER HE OPENED HIS EYES. HE WAS ON SOLID GROUND. SAFE, BUT WEAK



AFTER A WHILE, GETTING UP, HE DISCOVERED THE GIRL WAS GONE.



I'VE GOT ENOUGH OF THIS PLACE, BUT I'VE GOT TO SEE THAT GIRL AND..

HELP



WELL!! IT'S HIM!! THE SWAMP RAT -- IN QUICKSAND !!



THE GIRL WAS
ALREADY THERE

SAVE HIM
PLEASE!



IT WAS TOO LATE, THE
QUICKSAND HAD CLAIMED
ANOTHER VICTIM.



DON'T LOOK GIRLY.
LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE



I CAN LEAVE THIS
PLACE NOW, FOREVER.
YOU SEE -- HE WAS MY
FATHER.

YOUR
FATHER!



YES. HE-- HE ESCAPED
FROM PRISON A WHILE
BACK. I HAD TO STAY
HERE--TO HELP HIM IN
WAYS. BUT IT'S ALL
OVER NOW.



BUT IT'S ONLY THE
BEGINNING OF
HAPPINESS FOR
US -- WILL YOU
COME WITH ME?

YES!



POACHERS

A COMPLETE
RANGER-DETECTIVE
STORY

by

George & Martin Flock

'RIP' BURNS

OH! OH! THE PHONE!
I HOPE THERE'S SOME
THING DOING!

RING!
RING!

YES SIR, THIS
IS BURNS
SPEAKING!

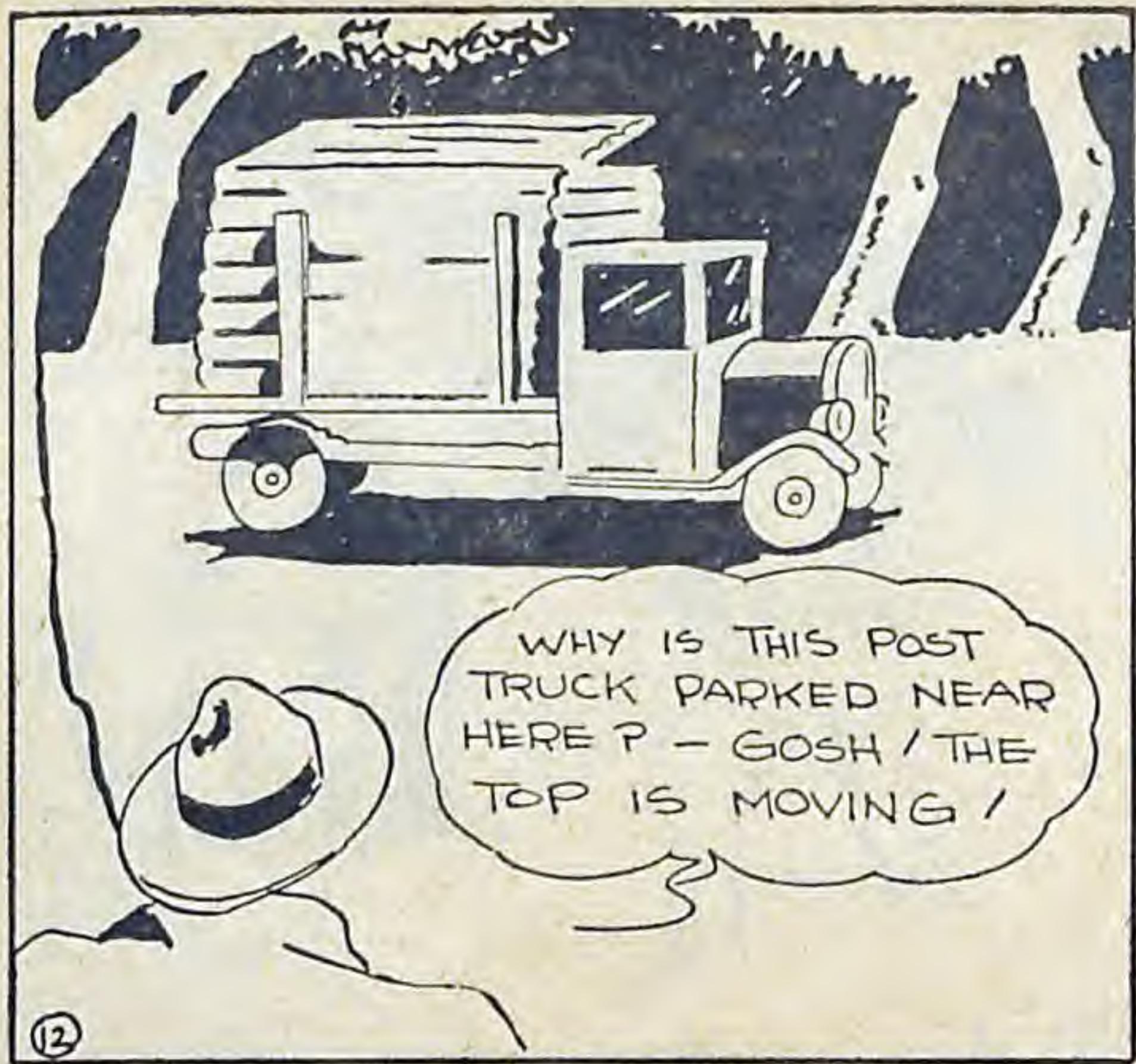
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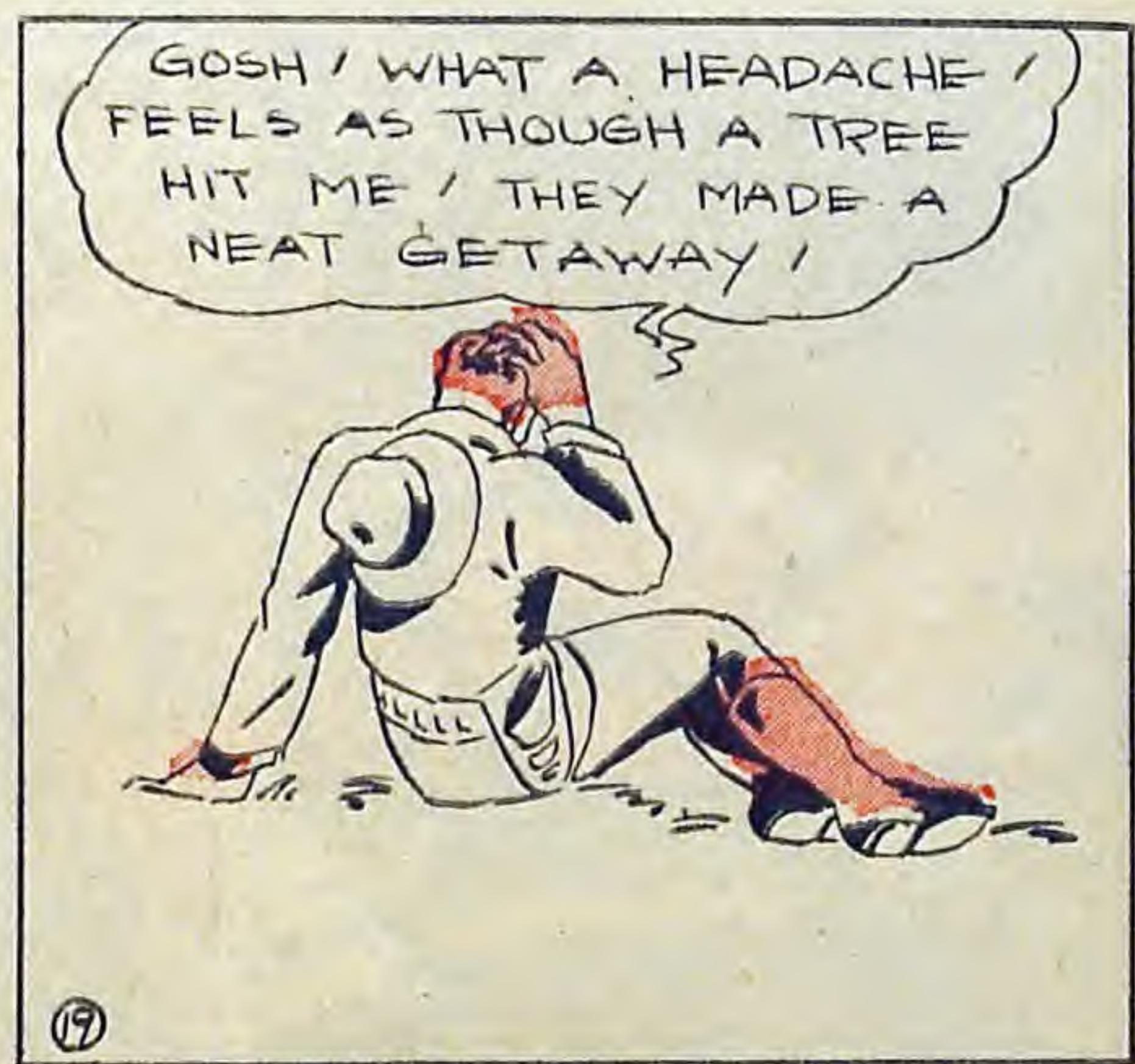
BURNS / T. R. GREY, HEAD OF THE
TROUT GUN CLUB HAS BEEN
HOWLING THAT THERE IS A SHORTAGE
OF DEER THIS YEAR - SCOUT AROUND
AND SEE IF YOU CAN PICK UP A
POACHER!

③

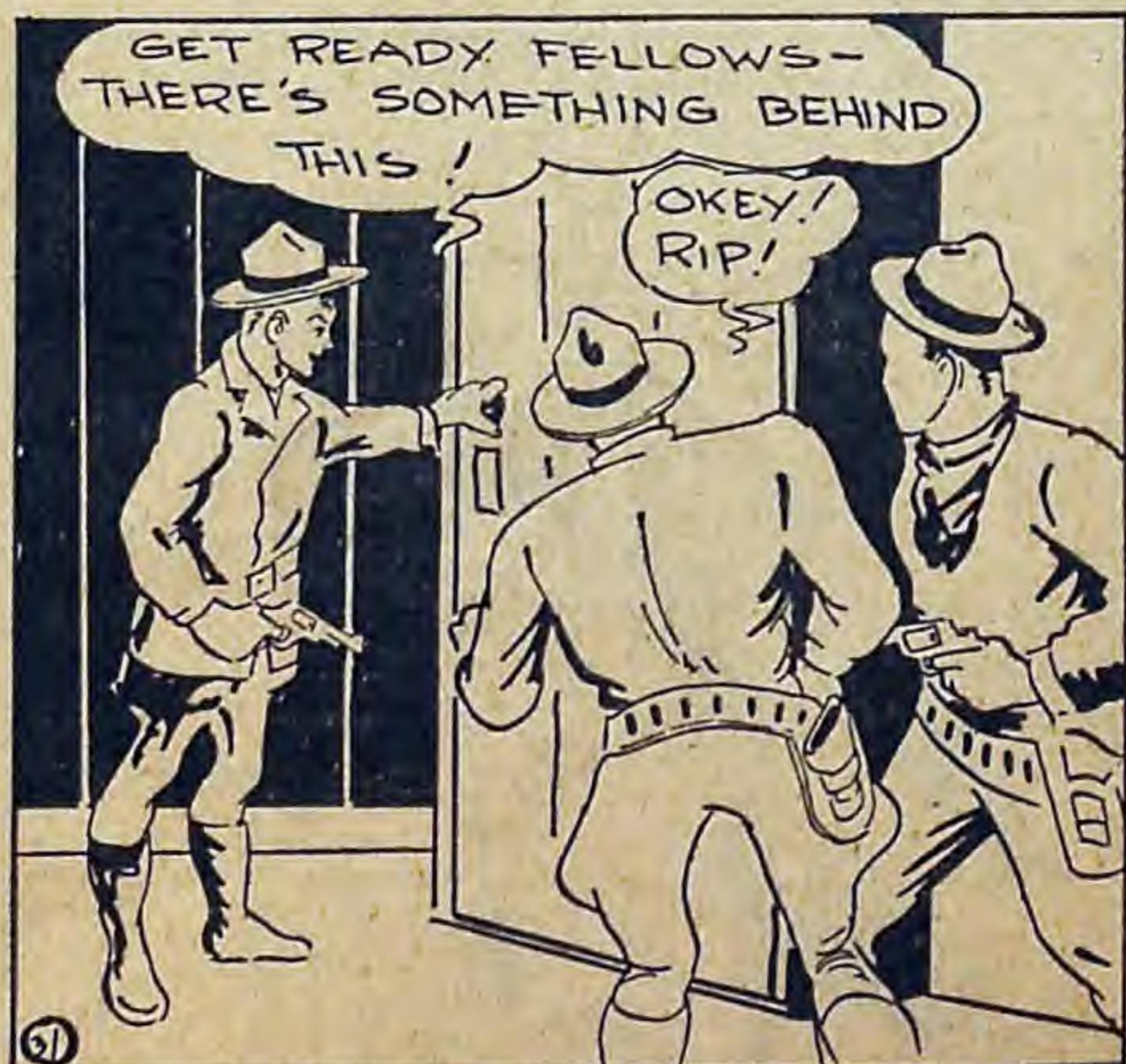
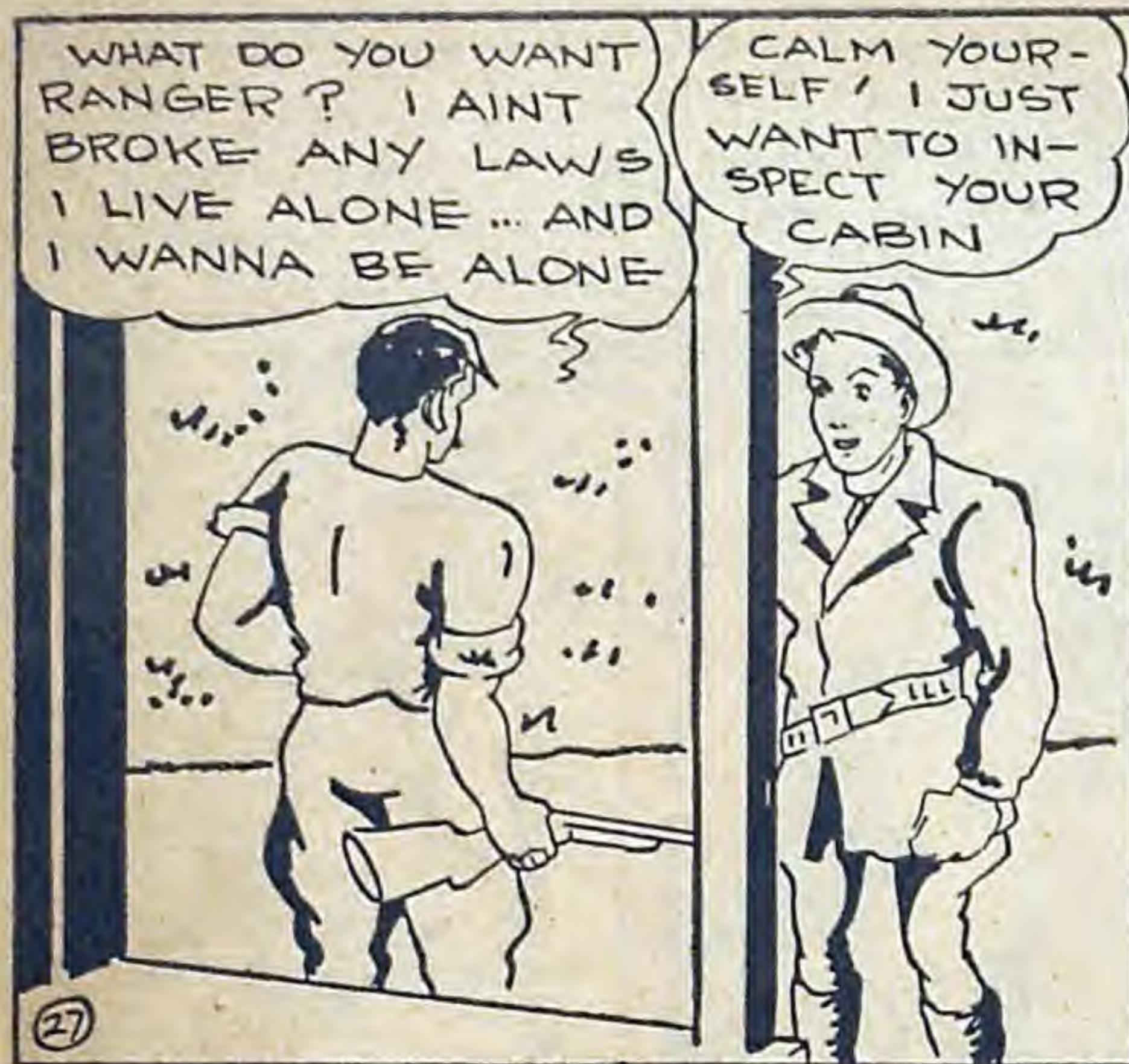


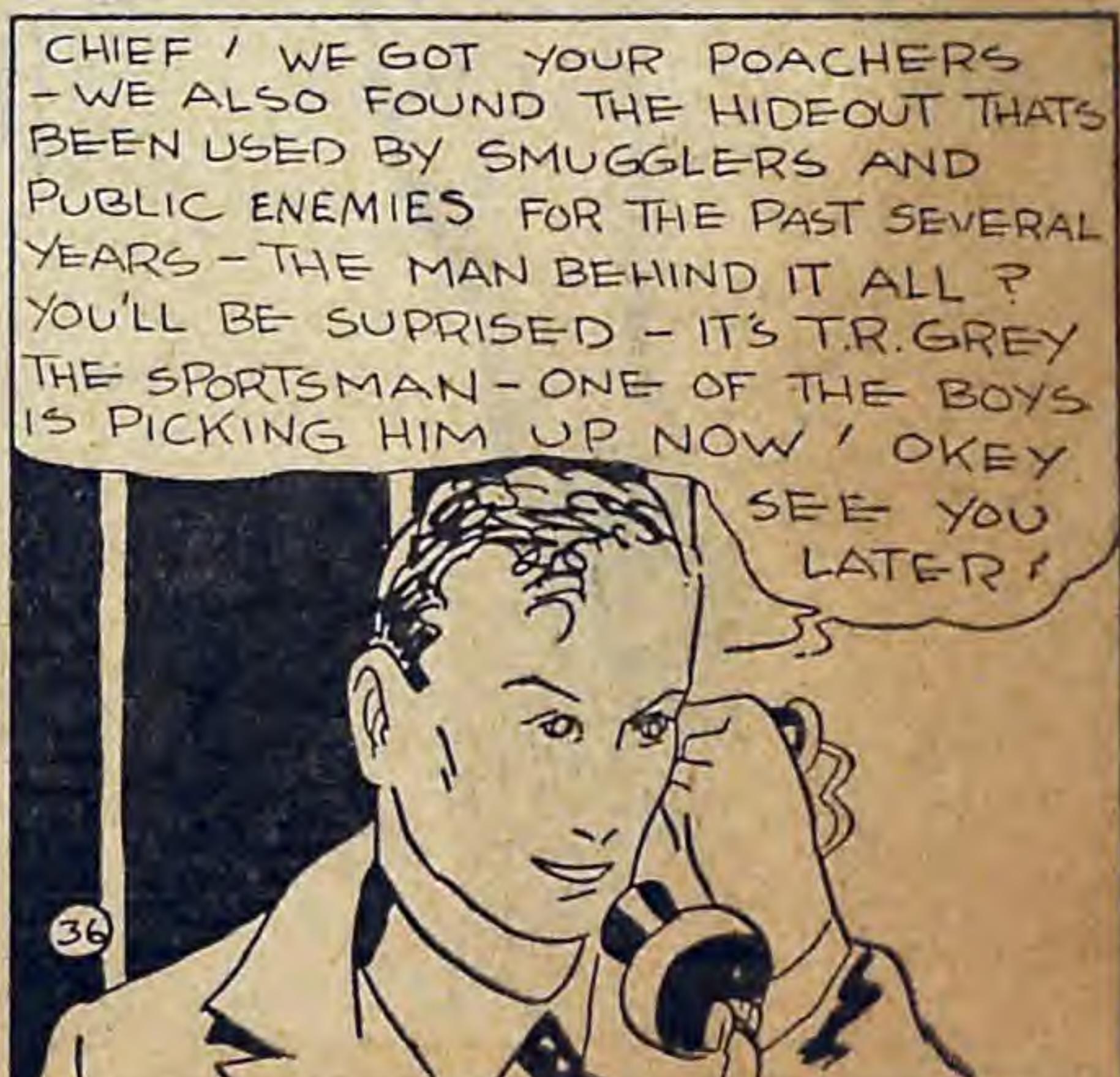










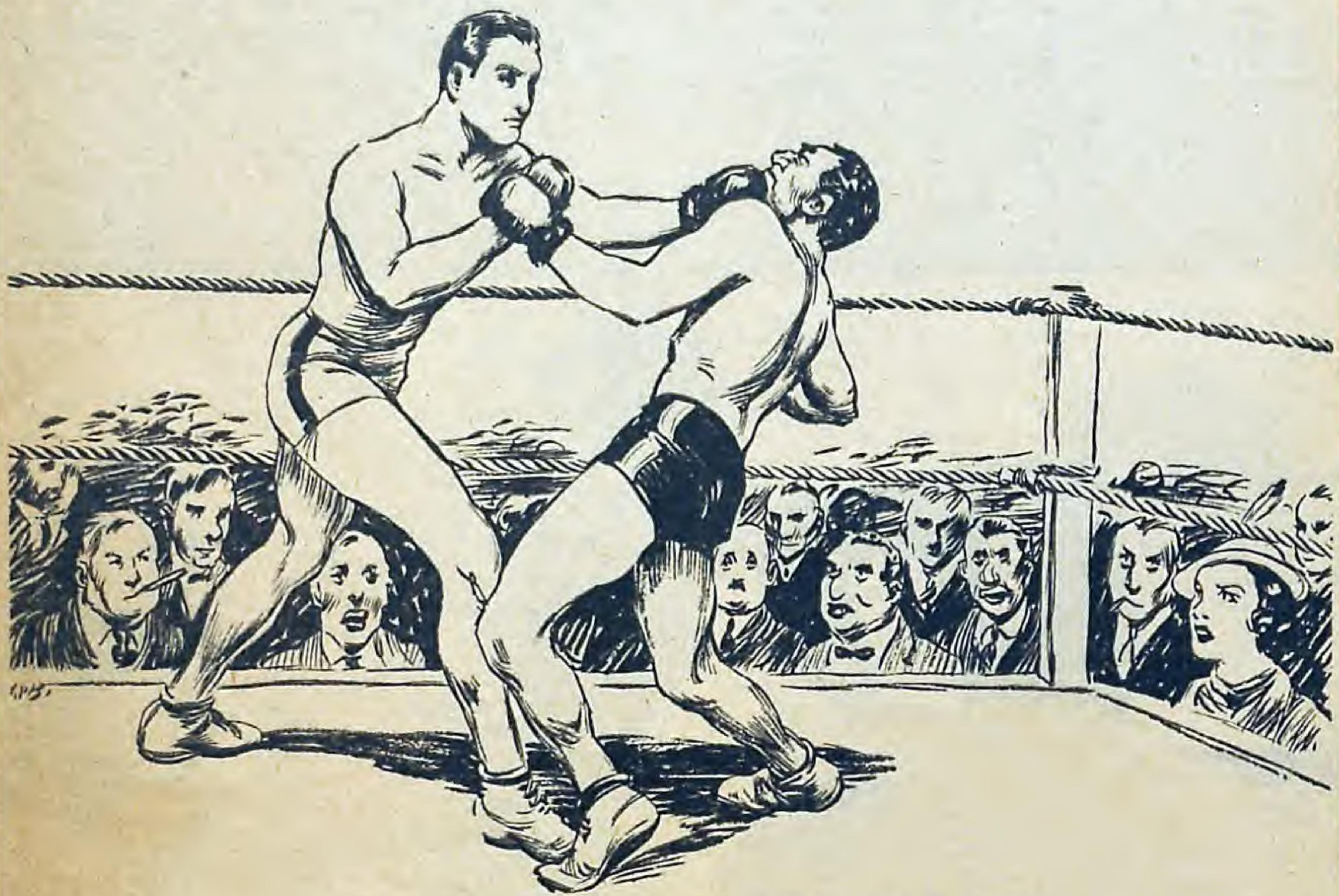






SILVER SPEED
Drawn Especially For
Funny Picture Stories
By WILLIAM EISNER

Battling Beau Brummel



*The thrilling life story of an American boy
who crossed gloves with fate—*

by **MALCOLM BRUCE**

SCALLY CRANDON was a pal who would go to the limit for his friend, but the Owl was in stir and, from the looks of things, he would be there for a long, long time. Actual murder, however, was too much, too dangerous with the bulls hot on their trails. The Owl had sent out word for the gang to "get" the guy who had handed him over into the clutches of the law.

Therefore Beau Brummel, or "Fighting Bob" as some men now began to call him, was a marked man. He was being followed closely and watched. Scally Crandon saw to it that the "dude" was always within reach. When Scally was not trailing him, one of the others was. Already this fighting fool had bested him in a rough-and-tumble battle on the avenue, but Scally had pulled a boner when he had picked that spot. Too near the corner. Next time they nailed him he would stay down and would be carried away in small baskets or left to be eaten by the stray cats.

Even had Bob known this, it is quite unlikely that it would have altered his mode of living. He divided his time between the Beresford home and the country club, to all appearances giving but slight attention to the real estate business which he had started shortly after the war. This was now running successfully and the general work of the organization was in the hands of able employees. He was seen now and again at numerous society affairs, but Providence stalked silently by his side.

Several times he narrowly escaped the downward path of a blackjack in the shadows, but he emerged each time without even the knowledge that his health had been threatened. In fact it began to appear to him that life was becoming rather monotonous; the days were dull.

It was one of these days that he called on Helen to invite her to drive out to the Seven-Fences for dinner and a dance or two. Helen handed him a laugh in the form of an introduction to Mister Carvington Sheldon Letheridge. A wee mustache, pink and white complexion, very blonde, almost yellow hair, and about one hundred and ten pounds at the very maddest. Bob guessed he was about five feet five in his built-up heels, and was for asking what breeze had blown him in, but his finer instincts prevailed.

Carvington Sheldon Letheridge was visiting the city for his health. Bob hoped he would find it and said so while shaking Carvington's lily-white hand. Carvington withdrew his shell-pink finger tips and promptly placed both hands in his pockets for safety, though he was forced to remove them almost immediately upon the entrance of Ruth Potter who had dropped in for chat with Helen.

So it was a party of four. Helen engineered it superbly so that Bob would notice that she approached the car on Carvington's manly arm. With severe politeness he ushered them into the rear seat and promptly placed Ruth Potter in front, beside

him, where she kept up a gay chatter while he drove north into the country wondering if Letheridge's ancestors had ridden fiery steeds in the same heat with the original Beresfords. Carvington himself would make an excellent jockey, he thought.

Before they had ridden far however, he found himself listening more attentively to Miss Potter. He still called her "Miss Potter" but gradually he felt the urge to talk to this girl who looked at him with such frank, honest eyes. He had not yet discovered what there was about her face which made it seem familiar and never once did it bring back to him the picture of a girl wearing a red cross and standing shivering against the wall of a first-aid station in France.

He would like to call her Ruth. She could talk about things that most girls couldn't; business life, real travel talks, dogs—and fighting. This was the girl who had patted him on the back that night when he was planning to catch the burglar in action. If he called her Ruth too suddenly it might—well—. He took a look in the rear-view mirror to see how Carvington was taking the air, and whether Helen was aware that Bob Brummel was driving the car.

Perhaps some time later on he might get to calling Ruth by her first name. Indecision clutched him but he continued to clutch the wheel and figure the road ahead.

CHAPTER VI Rough and Ready

THE BATTLE at the Inn of the Seven-Fences got into the newspapers as did most of Bob's battles. "Beau" Brummel they called him and mentioned the fact that he had been escorting some ladies of high social rank, but—the ladies' names were not published. Somebody was to be thanked for that, but the fight—that was the thing. Another blot on the Brummel escutcheon with a narrow escape for the Beresford shield, to say nothing now of the Potter emblem. Never a word about that Letheridge fellow with the misplaced eyebrow and skin that loved to be touched. The "chawming" fellow had made himself almost invisible in the frolic and when it was over had vamped out with the fickle Helen on his arm.

Quite a goodly crowd had assembled at the Inn. Bob led the way to the table of his own selection. They had been there before. It was a quiet, exclusive sort of place where good food could be eaten and good music heard, and you could dress or not as you liked. Bob was nothing short of spectacular as he stood with due pride and waited the seating of his guests. All eyes were on him for here was perfection in physical manhood.

Gay parties of laughing men and women fringed the nearby tables. The dining room was lighted softly with semi-subdued effect and the brilliant white table linen reflected the pale pinks and mauves of the tiny table lamps, picking out here and there flashing highlights from jewelled throats and fingers.

Separated by two tables on their own aisle, Bob now noticed a party of four men about to seat themselves. Something about them told him that he was, or would be shortly, the subject of their conversation. This was not ego, nor was it conceit, but from the manner in which one of the men had looked at him, he felt that something was amiss. None of them was known to him, and while he attempted to cast off the feeling of uncertainty, the conviction remained. He hoped he was wrong. With a shrug of his wide shoulders he awaited his chance to share in the conversational privileges which Carvington Sheldon Letheridge was enthusiastically endeavoring to monopolize. "Carv"

talked with his face, his hands and his shoulders, and reached frequently to his upper lip and his immaculate tie.

At the other table a tall man with sallow, lean face and heavy dark brows was talking in low tones. His companions listened closely.

"No gun-play, get me?" he said in a coarse whisper. "This guy is due for the hospital. When he comes out, if he does, then we fix him again and ride him for a loop. He cooped the Owl and we gotta stick by our pal. Get me?"

Apparently they did for they nodded savagely and cast furtive glances in the direction of Bob's table.

LEFTY MARLOW, who was undoubtedly the leader of the party, was almost completely disguised in his dinner suit. A con man of class, he was known in the underworld as a "headworker" but there were those who could vouch for his ability with his hands when pinned against a wall. Lefty was going to do his bit for a brother gangster and his pals were chosen from among the elite of the underworld for their "mugs" and appearance in "soup-and-fish" disguise.

Sitting quietly at their table they looked not out of place, but when they arose and sauntered down the aisle toward the table at which Bob sat with his party, their eyes glittered with the blood-lust of prowling animals and nostrils flared with the scent of the quarry.

"How are ye, kid?" began Marlow looking directly at Helen.

There was a wicked, taunting leer in his face and his manner suggested defiant insult.

"Scuse me," said the second man as he deliberately stepped on Bob's foot at the edge of the table.

Helen dropped her eyes at the words of the first one, and Bob glanced from her to the man who had spoken. Then as the second thug brought his foot down on his own toe, he gripped the edge of the table and drew a deep breath. Several people were instantly attracted to their table, and for a brief moment hung with suspense the tableau was fixed. No one spoke. Bob though fast. There were the ladies with him and he was in a rather refined place. The thugs—

"You heard me, didn't ye?" continued the second man as Bob hesitated. "I said 'scuse me' didn't I?"

Seldom, if ever, does any one get affairs of this nature straight. Afterwards a dozen people will tell twelve different versions of how a fight started and who did the wrong thing at the right time. Bob, holding himself desperately in check, tried briefly with words, then Ruth Potter who sat nearest him, placed her arm between Bob and the nearest ruffian.

"Here, gentlemen," she began, when her arm was roughly pushed aside by Marlow.

"G'wan," he started, his face close to Bob's.

There was no way out, and the flash in Bob's eyes gave him away. Marlow dove in with his dependable portside mauer aimed at the handsome face of Beau Brummel. Then the fun began.

Men shoved women behind the protective bulwarks of tilted tables, others escaped with their companions through the nearest exits. Other men leaped into the fray, while at the opposite side of the room, as Fate would have it, stood the Honorable John Yeoman, as though transfixed.

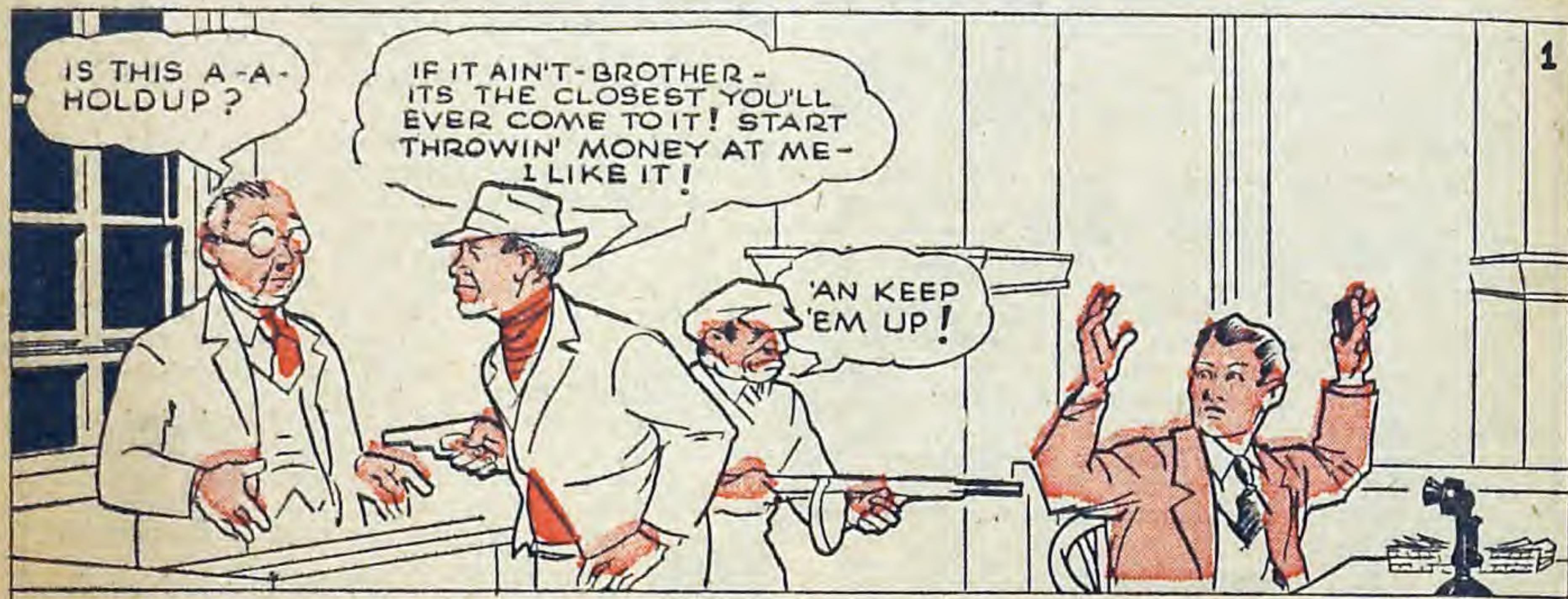
"A fighting fool," he said softly as with a smile he observed the first and second of the attackers go down in broken lumps. Lefty Marlow had taken a smack on the nose and careened dizzily sideways, as one of his pals jumped for the tough dude. Bob let another one go, this time with his left, and took the foe's punch high on the head. That man would strike no more for at least an hour.

CONTINUED—DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE.

CAMERA of CRIME!

• OR DOUBLE EXPOSURE MURDER

•• by ELLIS EDWARDS



TWO GANGSTERS BURST INTO THE QUIET OFFICE OF JASPER MIGGS AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, PAUL BARTON



THE BROADCAST IS PICKED BY CAR 613--



SERGEANT MULCAHEY AND DUKE ARCHE, POLICE PHOTOGRAPHER, GO INTO ACTION...



DUKE AND BARTON TALK WHILE MULCAHEY QUIZZES MIGGS



MULCAHEY IS DISGUSTED... CAMERA! CAMERA! HE IS TIRED OF HEARING THE WORD



I TELL YOU - BART - I-I-
I FORBID IT!

I DON'T CARE!
I WANT THAT MONEY!



16

MIGGS AND BARTON STAGE A
VIOLENT QUARREL AFTER
DUKE AND MULCAHEY LEAVE...

SOMETHING FUNNY ABOUT
THIS -- WHY WAS MIGGS
SO AFRAID THE
THUGS WOULD COME BACK?

GOT ME PUZZLED -
TOO!

17

WHILE DUKE AND MULCAHEY
BECOME SUSPICIOUS OF
BARTON'S EXPLANATION!

I'M GOIN' BACK!

ME TOO!



18

IT'S MIGGS! HE'S
DEAD!

SURE! SURE! SHUT
UP AND START
LOOKIN' FOR THE
GUY THAT KILLED
HIM!



19

HEY! SARGE! MIGGS HAS
BARTON'S CAMERA IN HIS
HAND!



20

BOY! WHAT A 'SCOOP' FOR
ME WHEN THE FILM IN
THIS CAMERA IS
DEVELOPED!



21

WHERE DID YOU GET THAT?

FROM THE
DEAD GUY'S
HAND



22

WHAT'S THAT NOISE?



P3

23



24
A GIRL STEPS INTO THE OFFICE ...
FROM A SECRET DOOR ...



25
DUKE AND MULCAHEY ARE
MYSTIFIED BECAUSE SHE...



26
PAYS NO ATTENTION TO
THEM. FOR FIVE OR ...



27
SIX MINUTES THEY WATCH HER AS
SHE SEARCHES FOR BARTON --



28
MULCAHEY EXPOSES HER RUSE
WHEN HE THREATENS TO RIDDLE
THE SECRET DOOR WITH BULLETS



29
P4
... AND BARTON STEPS INTO
THE OFFICE!

MIGGS DIED OF HEART ATTACK -- THE EXCITEMENT - YOU KNOW - AH!

DUKE!



HOW DID YOU KNOW, SARGE?

32

THEN I REMEMBERED THAT THE PUPILS OF BARTON'S EYES WERE LIKE PIN-POINTS AFTER YOUR FLASH PICTURE -- MIGGS' EYES CAME BACK TO NORMAL SIZE IN A FEW SECONDS -- WHAT'S THE ANSWER TO THAT? DOPE!

DOPE!

-BUT THE HOLD-UP? AND THE STOLEN BOOKS? AND THE GIRL?



SLIP THESE HANDCUFFS ON BARTON --- BARTON YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR -- MURDER!

31

LOOK AT YOUR HANDS! I HAVE NOTICED EVERY PHOTOGRAPHER HAS ACID-BROWN STAINS AROUND HIS FINGER-NAILS -- YOU SAID BARTON WAS A PHOTOGRAPHER I SAW THAT HIS HANDS WERE NOT STAINED BUT THERE WERE MARKS OF A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE ON HIS WRISTS --



33

MIGGS TOOK THE ACCOUNT BOOKS! -AND HIRED THE 'HOLD-UPPERS' BECAUSE HE WANTED TO GET OUT OF HIS PARTNERSHIP WITHOUT AROUSING BARTON'S SUSPICION! ... BARTON HAD MADE A DOPE-FIEND OF THE GIRL, MIGGS NIECE! MIGGS KNEW THAT BARTON CARRIED THE DOPE IN THAT "CAMERA" -- IF WE HAD DISCOVERED THE DOPE IT WOULD HAVE RUINED MIGGS CHANCE TO GET HIS NIECE AWAY FROM BARTON'S EVIL INFLUENCE!

35

MIGGS WAS FORCED TO CONFESS HIS SCHEME TO BARTON AFTER BARTON CAME TO THE SAME CONCLUSION WE DID! MIGGS KNEW THE HOLD-UP MEN! BARTON WENT CRAZY WHEN THIS 'INFO' CAME OUT - HE KNOCKED MIGGS 'OUT' AND THEN CALMLY PUMPED AIR INTO MIGGS VEINS UNTIL THE BUBBLES REACHED HEART AND STOPPED IT!

THEN WE POPPED IN! WHAT OF THE GIRL?

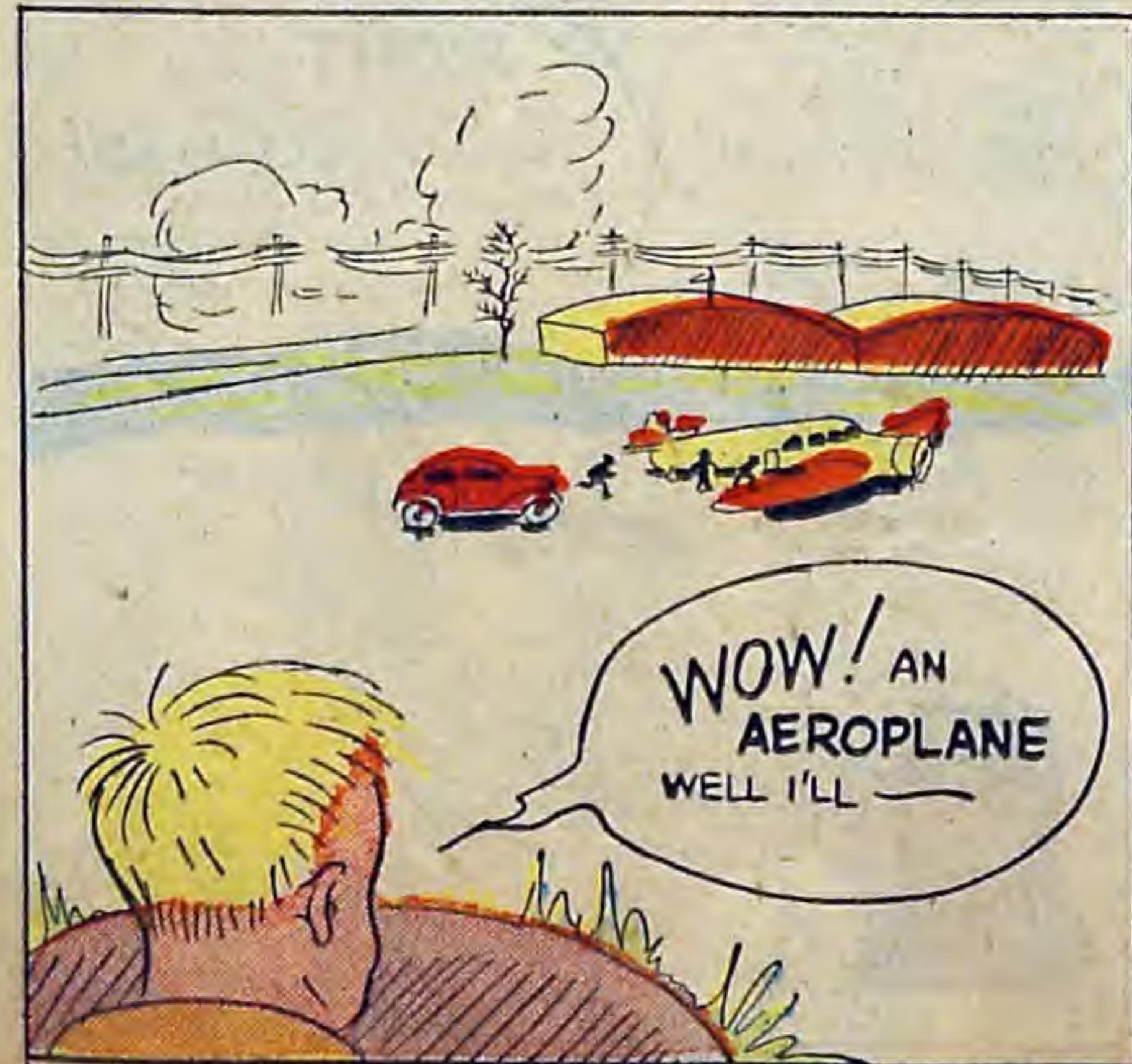
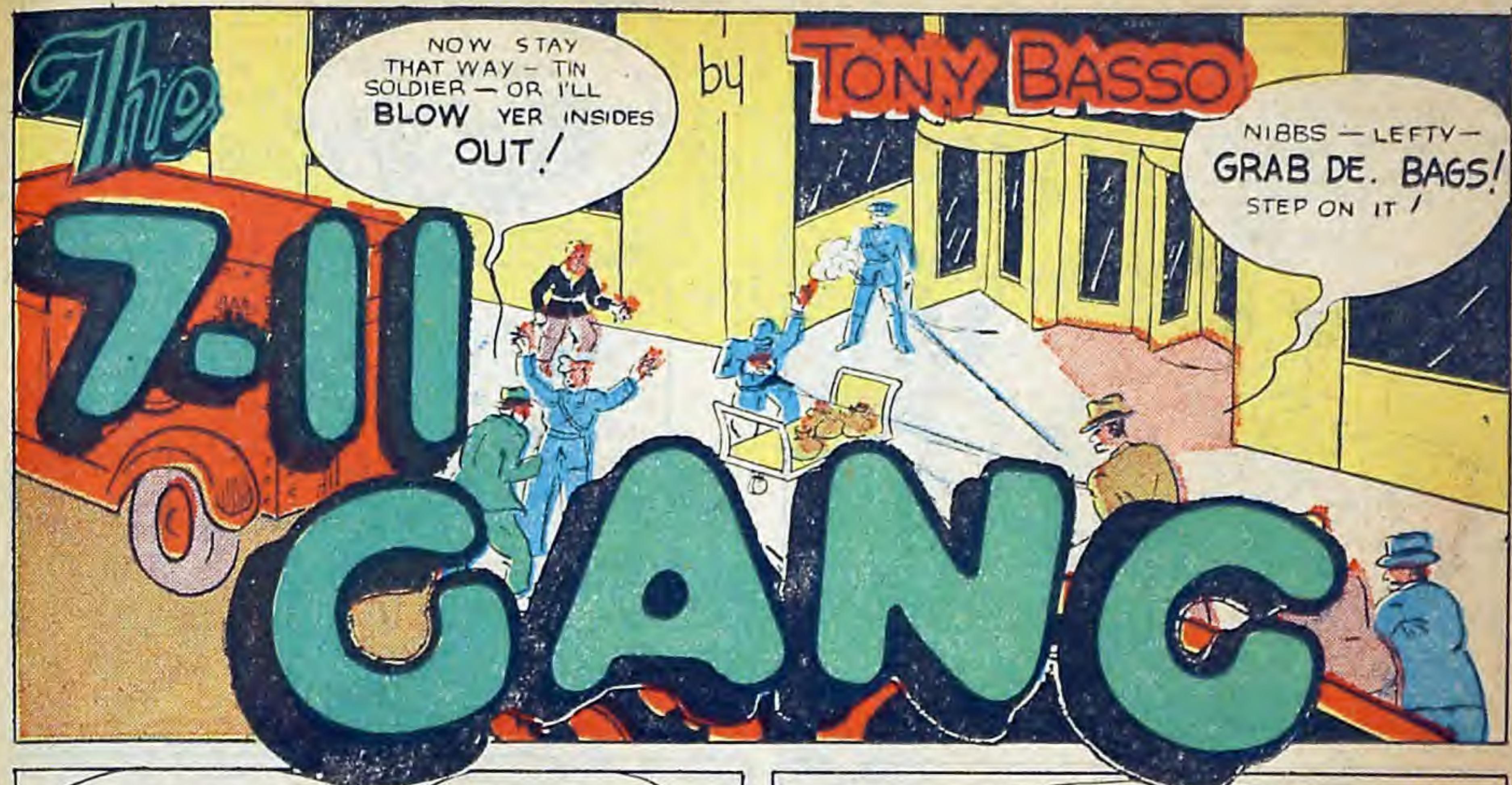


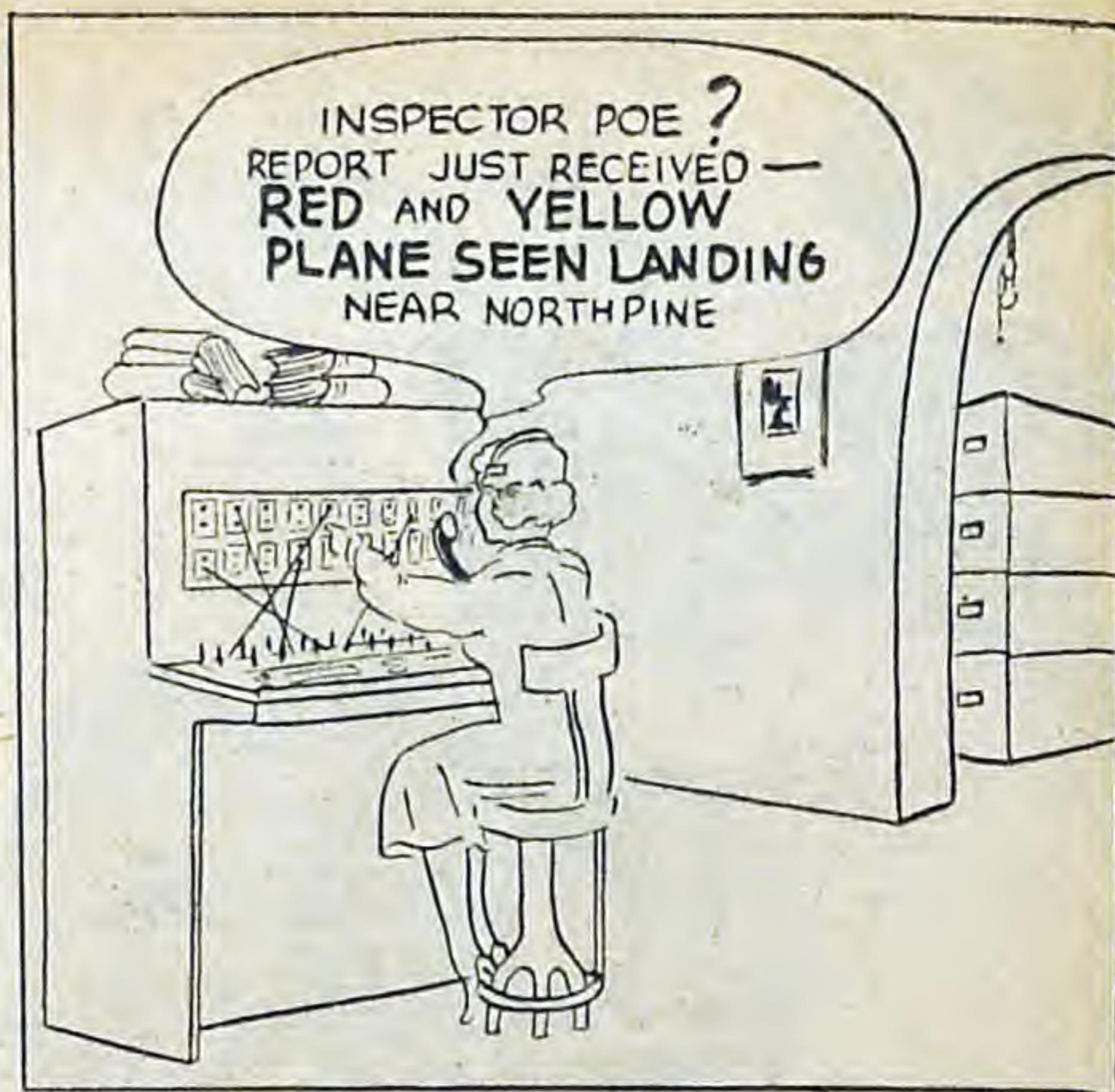
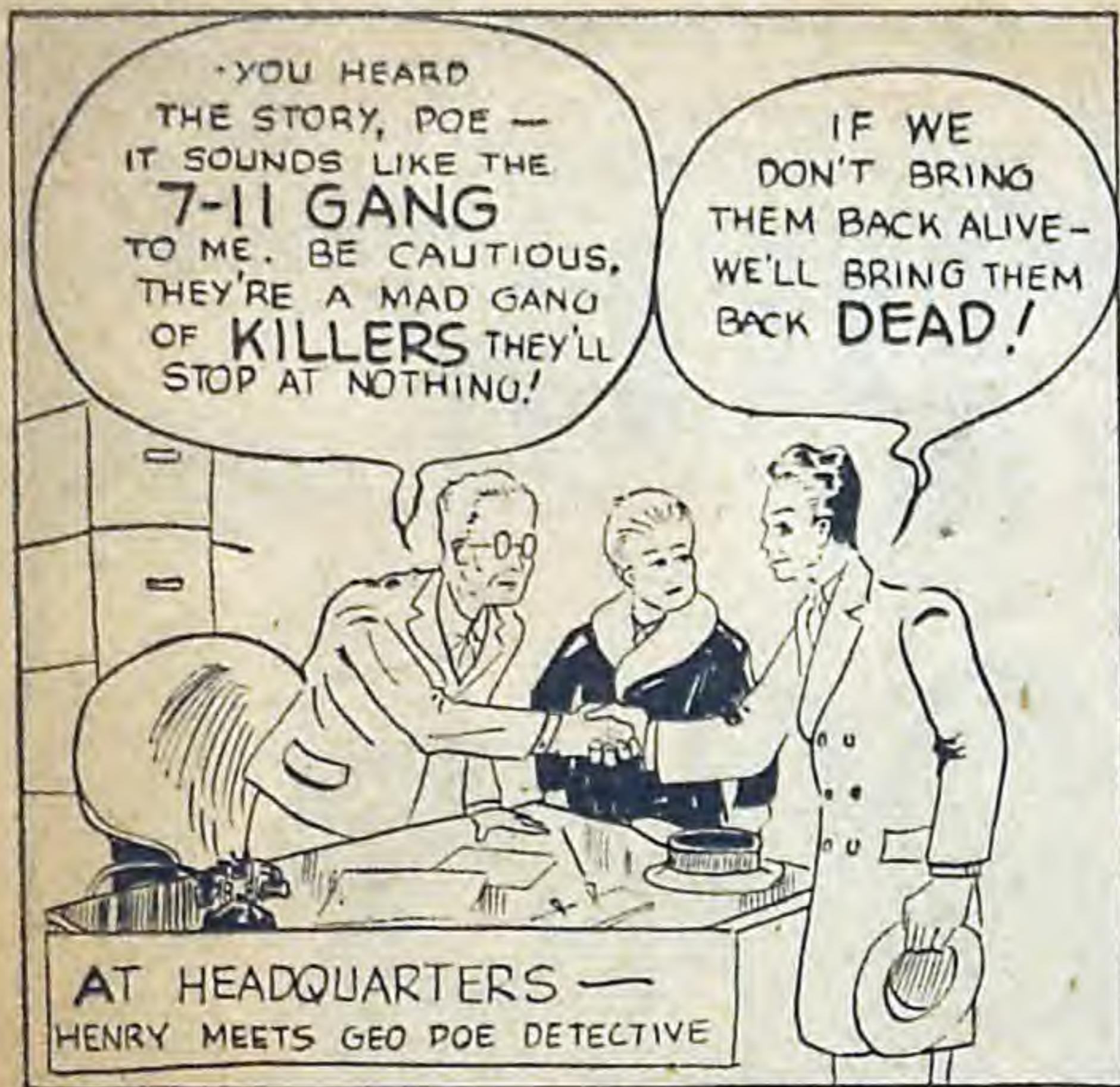
THE GIRL LOVED BARTON - ENOUGH, TO PUT ON THAT DEAF AND BLIND ACT! BARTON WAS DESTROYING THE DOPE EVIDENCE WHEN WE CAME IN SO THE GIRL STALLED UNTIL HE HAD FINISHED! BUT - HE FORGOT THE 'CAMERA' THAT MIGGS GRABBED IN THE STRUGGLE!

WELL - I'LL BE GLAD TO 'HELP' YOU AGAIN - SARGE!

37

PS



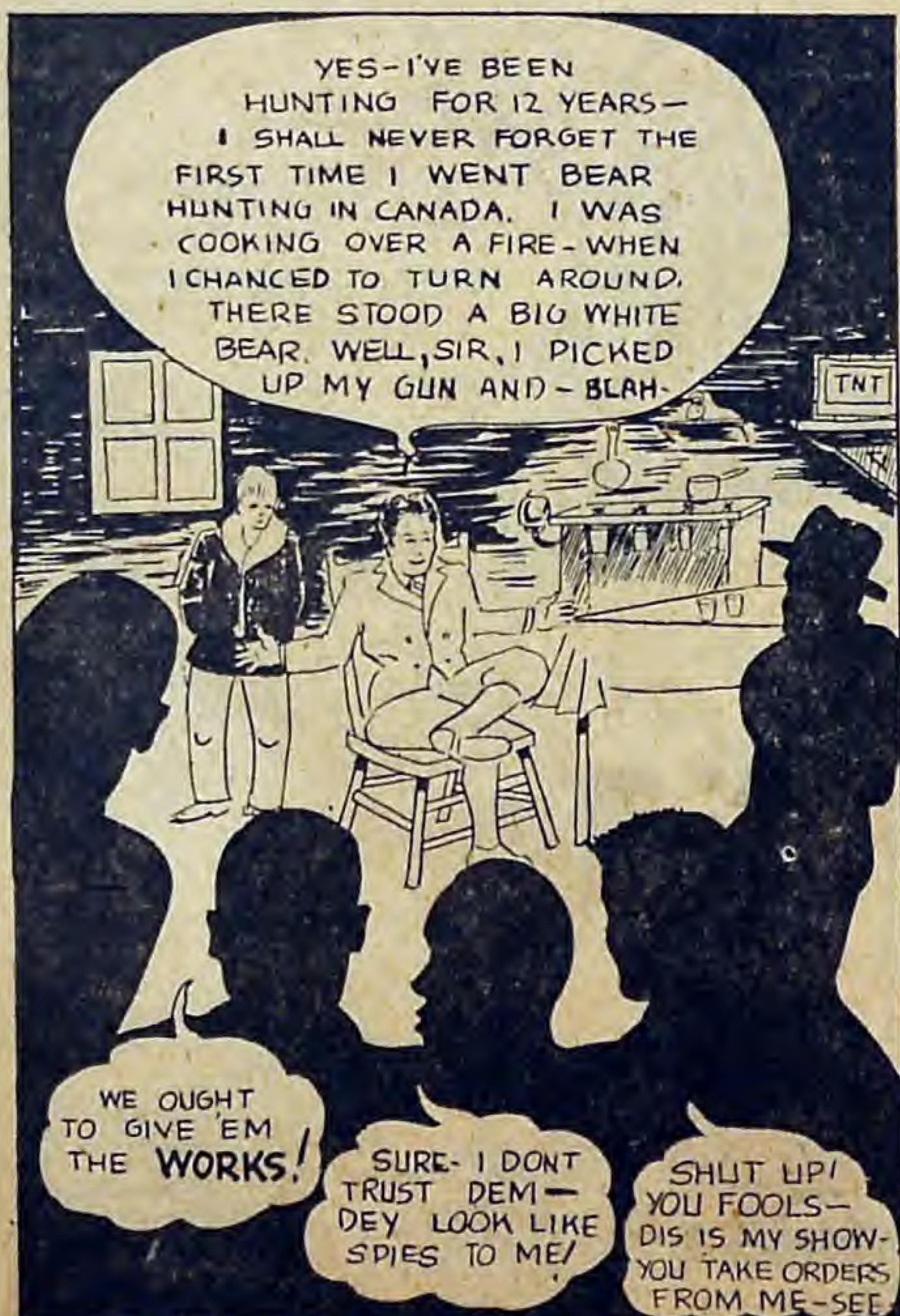




GEO. POE KNOCKS AT THE
DOOR OF THE LODGE AND—



YES—I'VE BEEN
HUNTING FOR 12 YEARS—
I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE
FIRST TIME I WENT BEAR
HUNTING IN CANADA. I WAS
COOKING OVER A FIRE—WHEN
I CHANCED TO TURN AROUND.
THERE STOOD A BIG WHITE
BEAR. WELL, SIR, I PICKED
UP MY GUN AND—BLAH—



WE OUGHT
TO GIVE 'EM
THE WORKS!

SURE—I DONT
TRUST DEM—
DEY LOOK LIKE
SPIES TO ME!

SHUT UP!
YOU FOOLS—
DIS IS MY SHOW—
YOU TAKE ORDERS
FROM ME—SEE



WELL THANKS
AGAIN
FELLA.

FERGET IT
KID.

WE WERE RIGHT.
IT'S THE **7-11 GANG**
WE'VE GOT TO GET DOWN
TO THE **LOCAL POLICE HEAD-
QUARTERS** BUT WE GOT TO
TAKE IT SLOW TIL WE GET OUT
OF THEIR SIGHT- THEN YOU'LL
SEE SOME **ACTION** AND PLENTY
OF IT- WELL TRAP THEM
LIKE THE RATS THAT
THEY ARE!

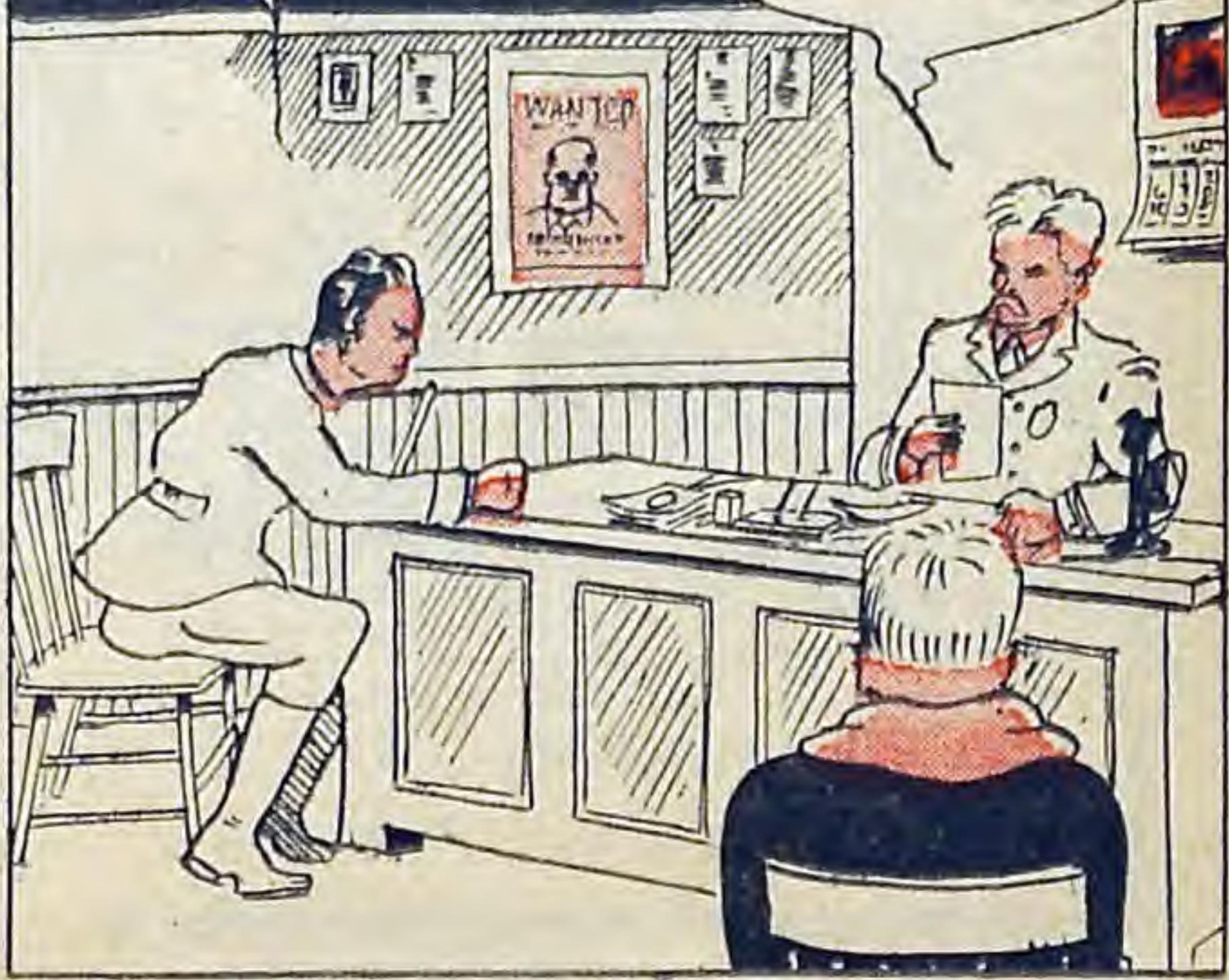
THERE'S ONE
WATCHING US
FROM THE WINDOW!

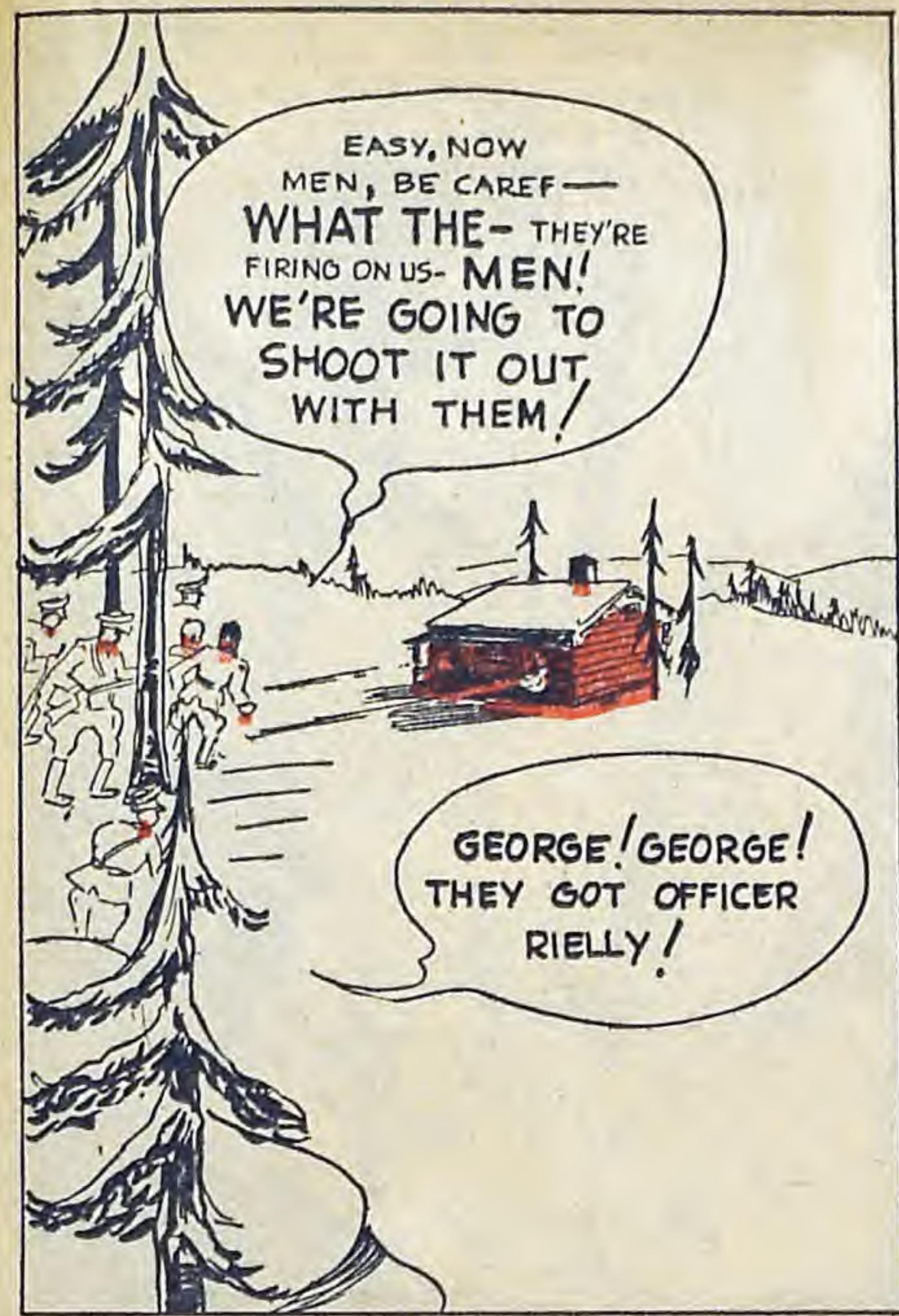


AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
IN NORTHPINE.

WE CANNOT
AFFORD TO CHANCE
THEIR ESCAPING. WE
NEED ABOUT TWENTY
MEN-ALSO GUNS AND
PLENTY OF AMMUNITION.
THEY'RE A RUTHLESS
BAND OF KILLERS!

RIGHT YOU
ARE-POE, I'LL GO
THE **LIMIT** TO
FURNISH YOU WITH ANY-
THING YOU NEED- THE
PEACE OF NORTHPINE
MUST BE PRESERVED
AT ANY COST!





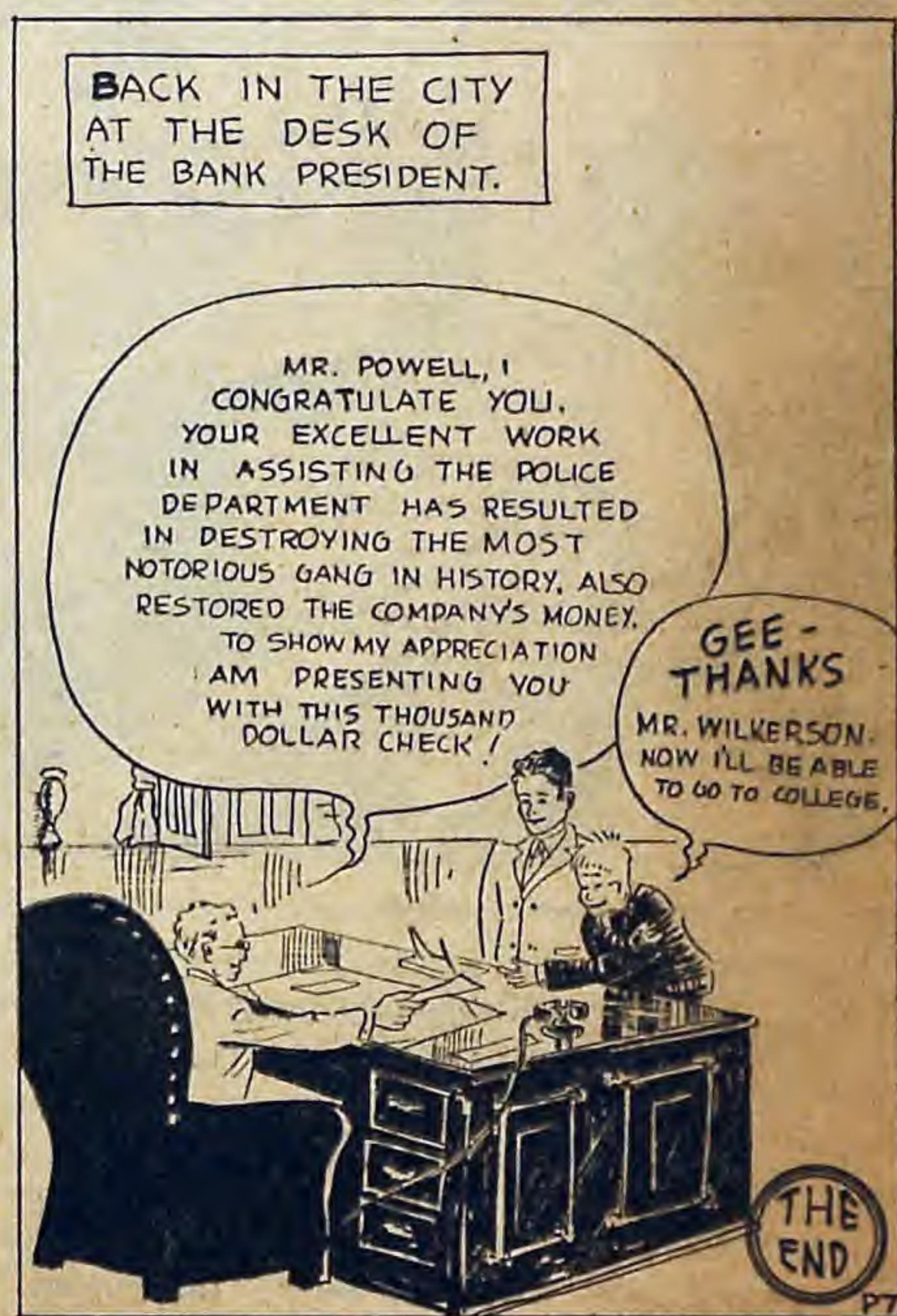
GEORGE! GEORGE!
THEY GOT OFFICER
RIELLY!







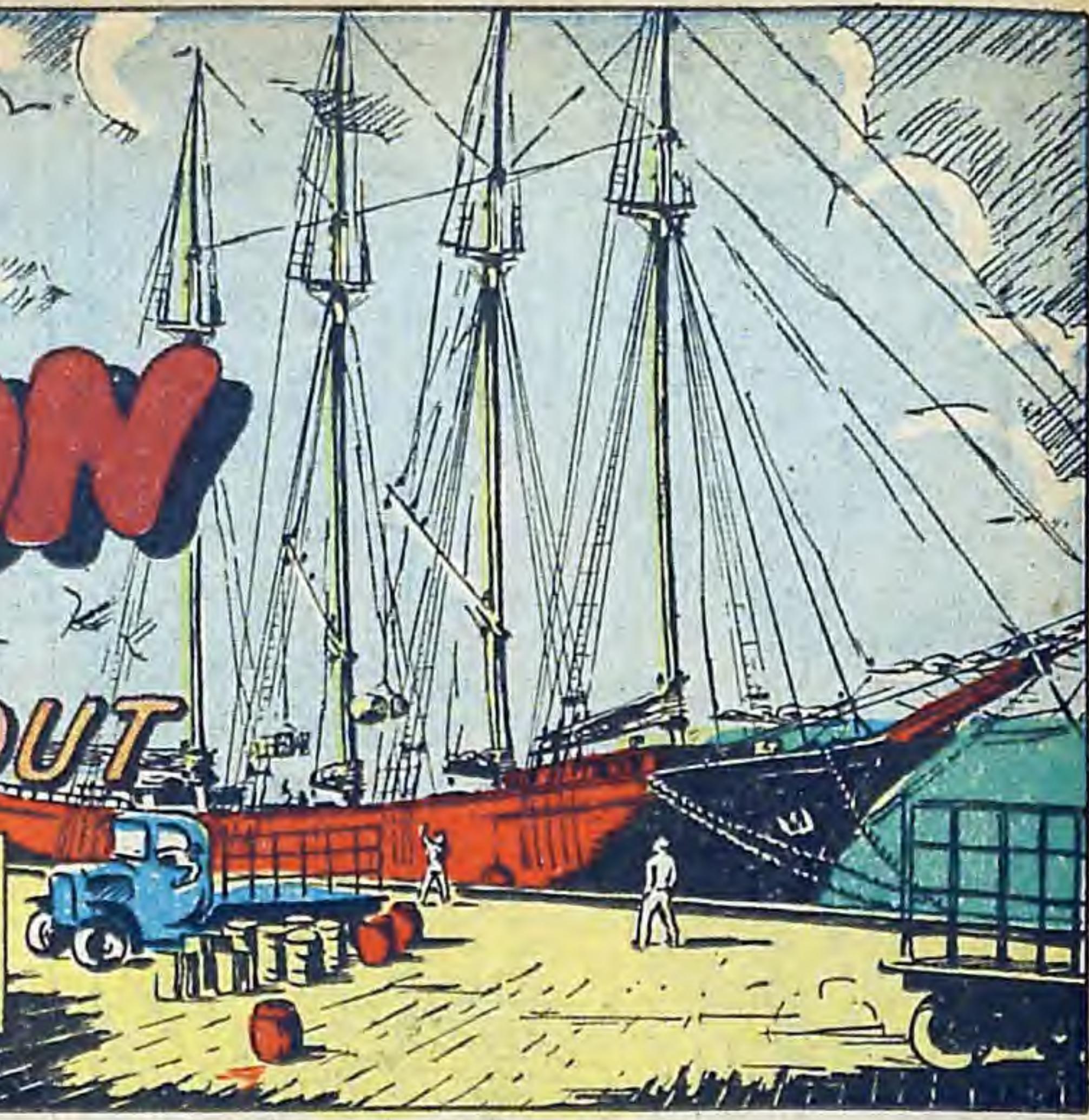
THAT'S WHAT
YOU THINK /
PUT 'EM UP!



TOM DAWSON SEASCOUT

By
JUBSEN

TOM DAWSON LOOKS ON,
FASCINATED, AT AN OLD
SCHOONER* LOADING CARGO



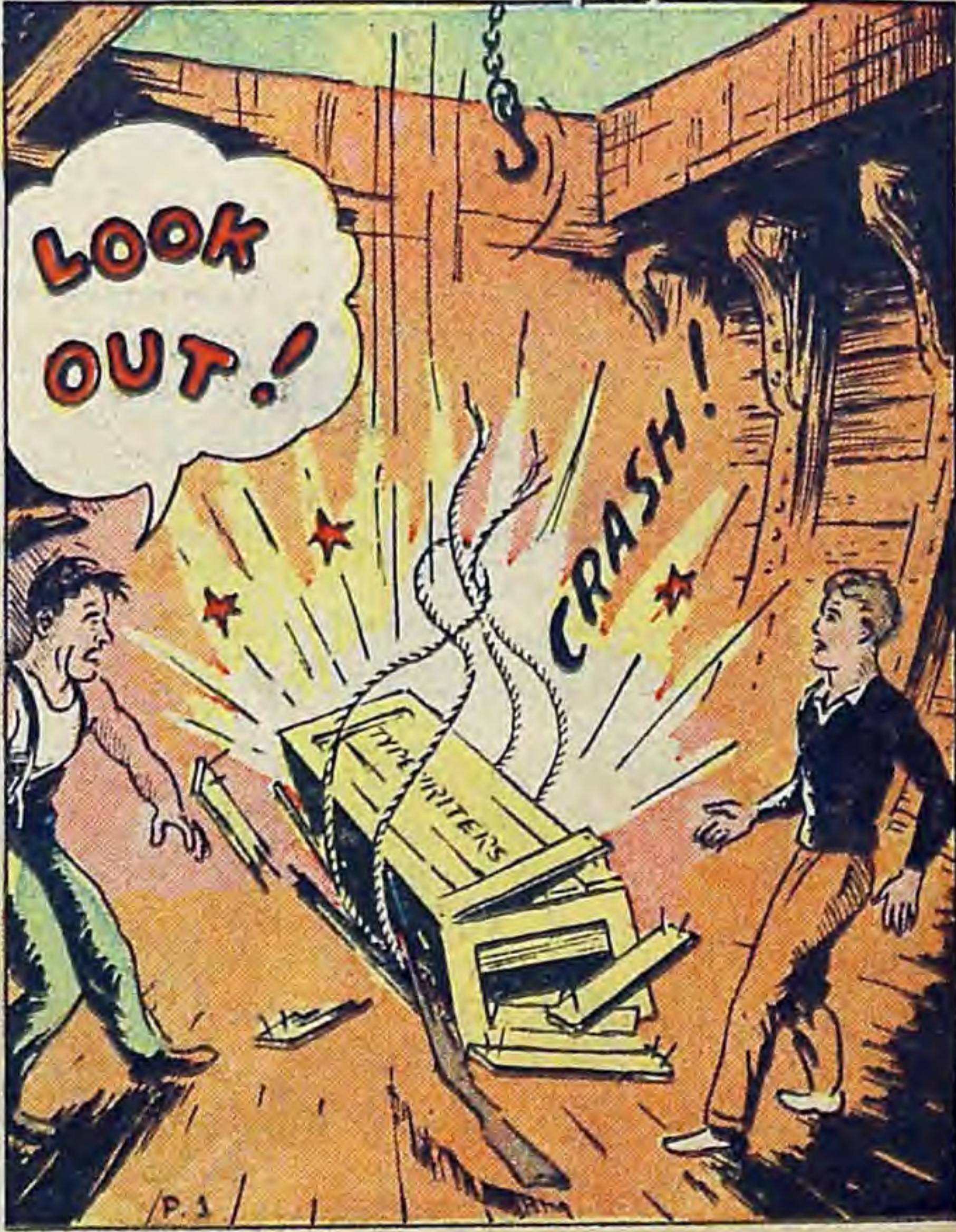
DO YOU MIND
IF I LOOK
AROUND THE
SHIP, SIR?

WA-AL, SON, - I GUESS IT
WON'T DO NO HARM T' LOOK
AROUND - BUT KEEP YER
WEATHER EYE LIFTIN'* FER
THE OLD MAN* - 'E DON'T
LIKE STRANGERS TO
COME ABOARD!



LOOK
OUT!

CRASH!



* SCHOONER - A SCHOONER IS A FORE-AND-AFT RIGGED VESSEL. TWO, THREE, AND FOUR MASTED SCHOONERS ARE QUITE COMMON, ALTHOUGH FIVE, AND EVEN SIX-MASTERS HAVE BEEN BUILT. THE 'THOMAS W. LAWSON', WRECKED A NUMBER OF YEARS AGO, WAS A HUGH VESSEL STEPPING SEVEN MASTS. THEY ARE SAID TO HAVE BEEN NAMED AFTER THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.

* KEEP YOUR WEATHER EYE LIFTING MEANS TO KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT.
* OLD MAN A FAMILIAR TITLE FOR THE MASTER OF A VESSEL. (NOT USED
WITHIN EAR-SHOT OF HIM, HOWEVER)



P2

*'FARMERS' - A TERM OF DERISION, IMPLYING INCOMPETENCE, SINCE A FARMER IS SUPPOSEDLY DEVOID OF ANY KNOWLEDGE OF NAUTICAL AFFAIRS.

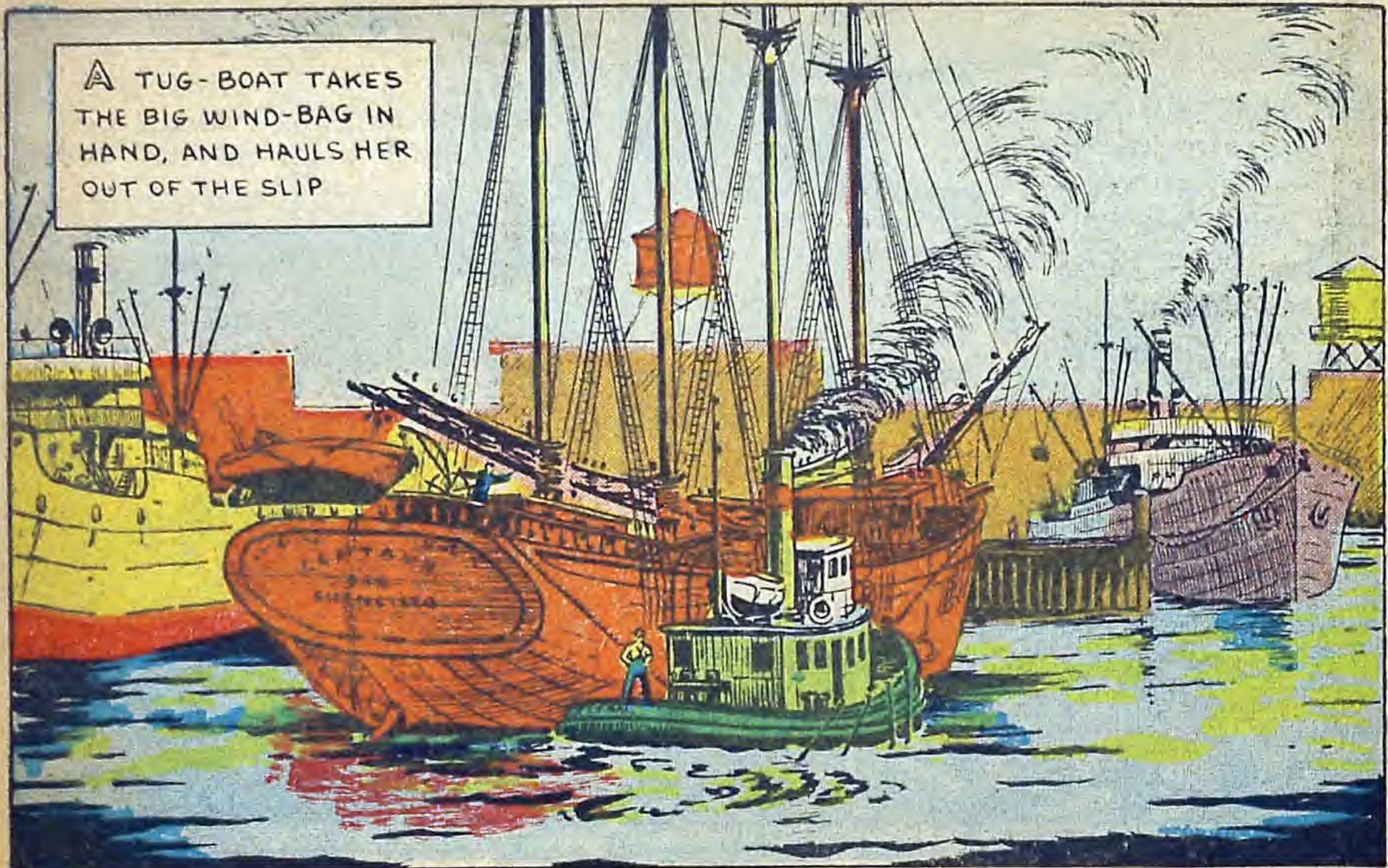
* HOW CARGO IS STOWED - THE PROPER 'STOWAGE', OR PLACING, OF CARGO DEMANDS A HIGH DEGREE OF SKILL. CONSIDERATION MUST BE GIVEN THE NATURE OF THE CARGO TO INSURE ITS SAFE DELIVERY. IF BADLY STOWED, IT WILL SHIFT, IN A SEAWAY, AND ENDANGER THE VESSEL ITSELF.

* 'FULL UP' - ALL THE CARGO IS ABOARD.

* MISTER - A MATE, OR OFFICER.

* 'STAND BY FORE AND AFT' - THE TERM, AS APPLIED HERE, MEANS TO TAKE STATIONS AT FORWARD AND AFTER PARTS OF VESSEL, IN PREPARATION TO LEAVE THE WHARF.

A TUG-BOAT TAKES THE BIG WIND-BAG IN HAND, AND HAULS HER OUT OF THE SLIP



WHILE, - IN THE BLACKNESS OF THE HOLD --

MAYBE WE CAN FIND A BOARD TO POUND ON THE HATCH WITH, AND ATTRACT THEIR ATTENTION! -- LUCKY I'VE GOT THESE MATCHES-

HEY!

YOU FOOL!
DO YA WANT T' BLOW US UP???

-WHAT-
!

I SEE IT ALL, NOW! --
- THERE'S GYPOUDER DOWN HERE!
- AND THAT BROKEN CASE... RIFLES!
- YOU'RE CARRYING CONTRABAND!
- THAT'S WHY THE CAPTAIN SUDDENLY BECAME SO FRIENDLY! -- HE WAS AFRAID I'D SEEN TOO MUCH, SO HE LAID THIS TRAP!

WELL, KID, --
NOW THAT YA KNOW, WHAT'RE Y' GOIN' T' DO ABOUT IT? --
- MY ADVICE IS T' LAY LOW, AN' FERGIT EVERYTHING YOU'VE SEEN, IF YOU VALUE YER HIDE!
- Y' SEE, - THIS SKIPPER AIN'T EXACTLY NO ANGEL!



TOM,
CONFINED
IN THE
SAIL-LOCKER,
MAKES A
DECISION

I GUESS I'D BETTER
PLAY THEIR GAME,
AND SEE WHAT
TURNS UP



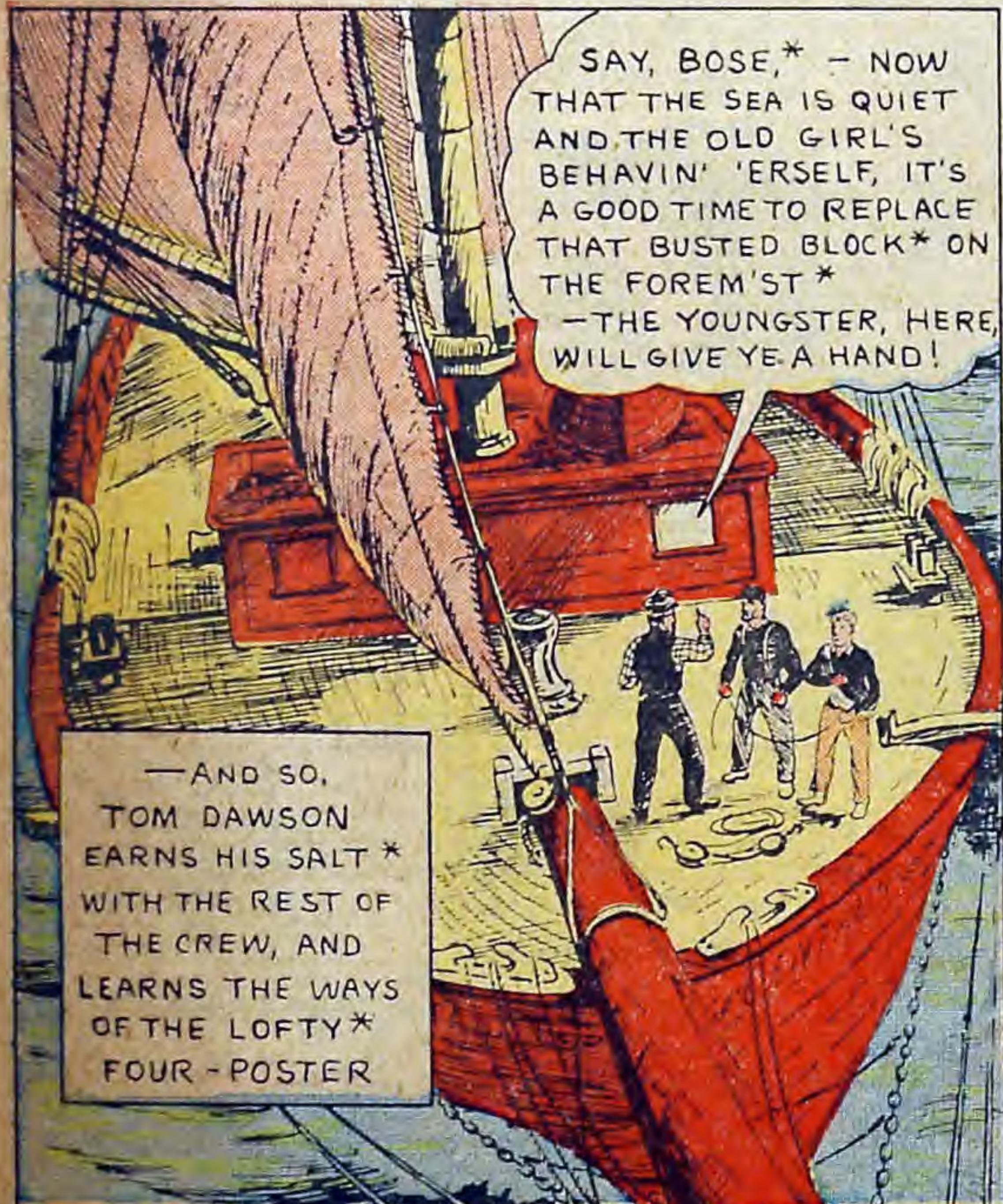
WELL, - HAVE YE COME TO YER
SENSES YET ? - YE GET ORDINARY
SEAMAN'S WAGES AN' A SHARE IN
THE PROFITS, IF YE'RE SMART -
- AND IF YE'RE 'NOT, WA-AL--

ALL RIGHT, CAPTAIN,
- YOU WIN !



—AND SO,
TOM DAWSON
EARNS HIS SALT *
WITH THE REST OF
THE CREW, AND
LEARNS THE WAYS
OF THE LOFTY*
FOUR-POSTER

SAY, BOSE, * - NOW
THAT THE SEA IS QUIET
AND THE OLD GIRL'S
BEHAVIN' 'ERSELF, IT'S
A GOOD TIME TO REPLACE
THAT BUSTED BLOCK* ON
THE FOREM'ST*
- THE YOUNGSTER, HERE,
WILL GIVE YE A HAND !



A STEAMER! - CAN'T MAKE HER
OUT AGAINST THIS BRIGHT SUN !
- THE SUN! - AND THIS STEEL
MARLINSPIKE* ! - I-WONDER -



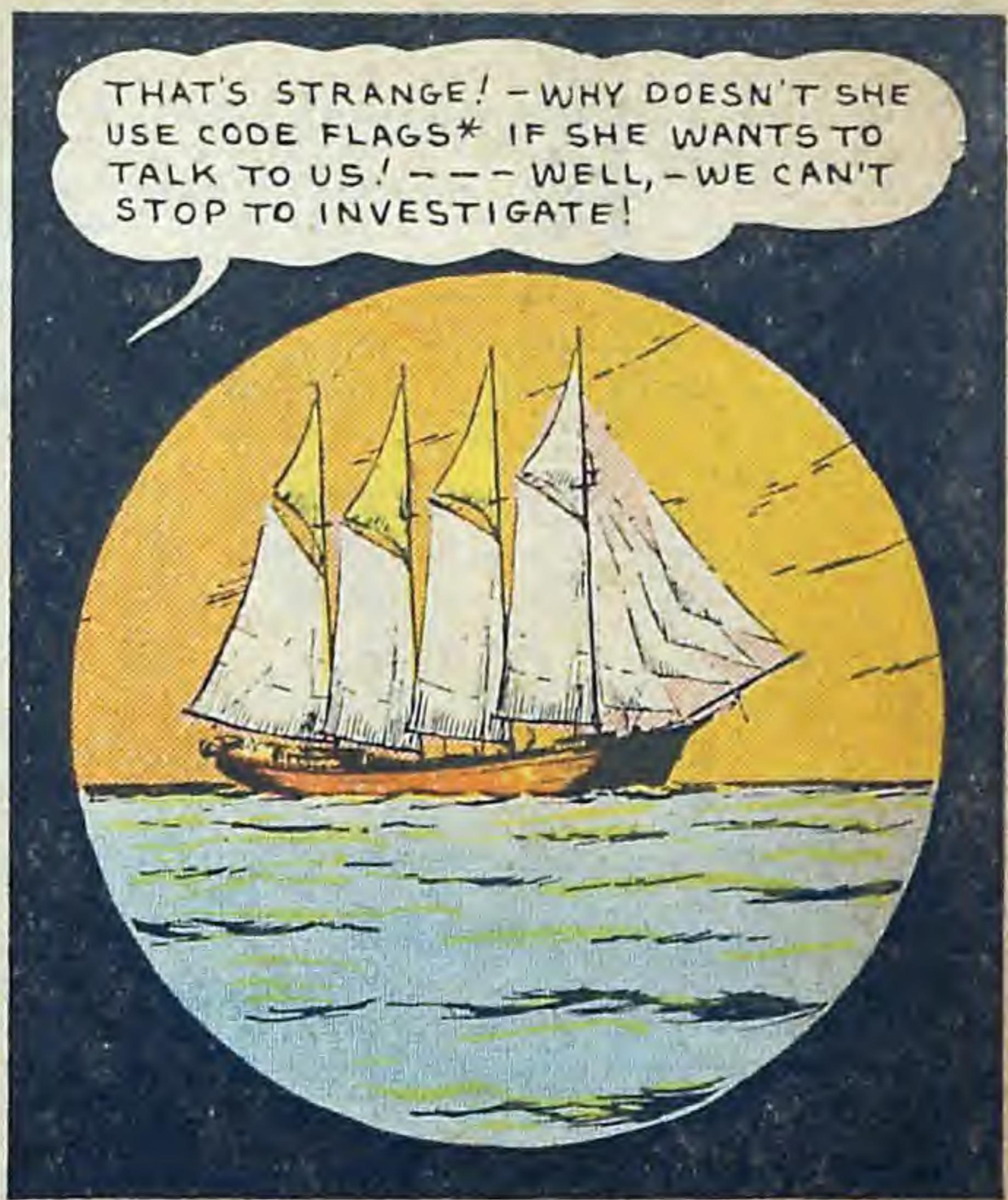
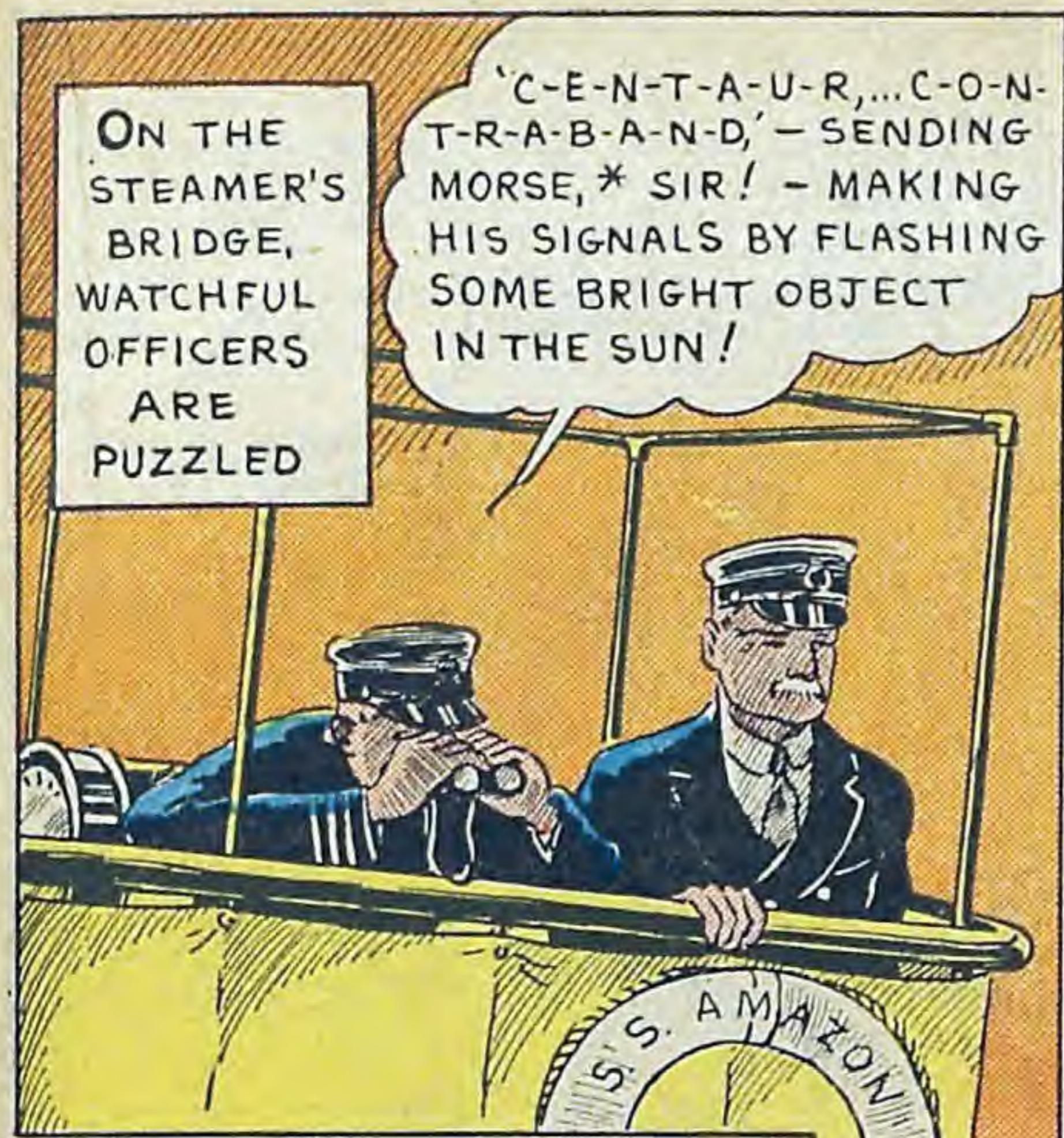
P.5

* 'EARNS HIS SALT' - EARNS HIS
FOOD AND MONEY

* LOFTY - TALL

* 'BOSE' - THE BOATSWAIN - A PETTY
OFFICER DIRECTLY OVER THE CREW

* BLOCK - A PULLEY
* FOREMAST - MAST FARthest FORWARD
* MARLINSPIKE - A TAPERED TOOL
OF HARD STEEL FOR PRYING APART
STRANDS OF WIRE ROPE IN SPLICING



* MORSE - A CODE

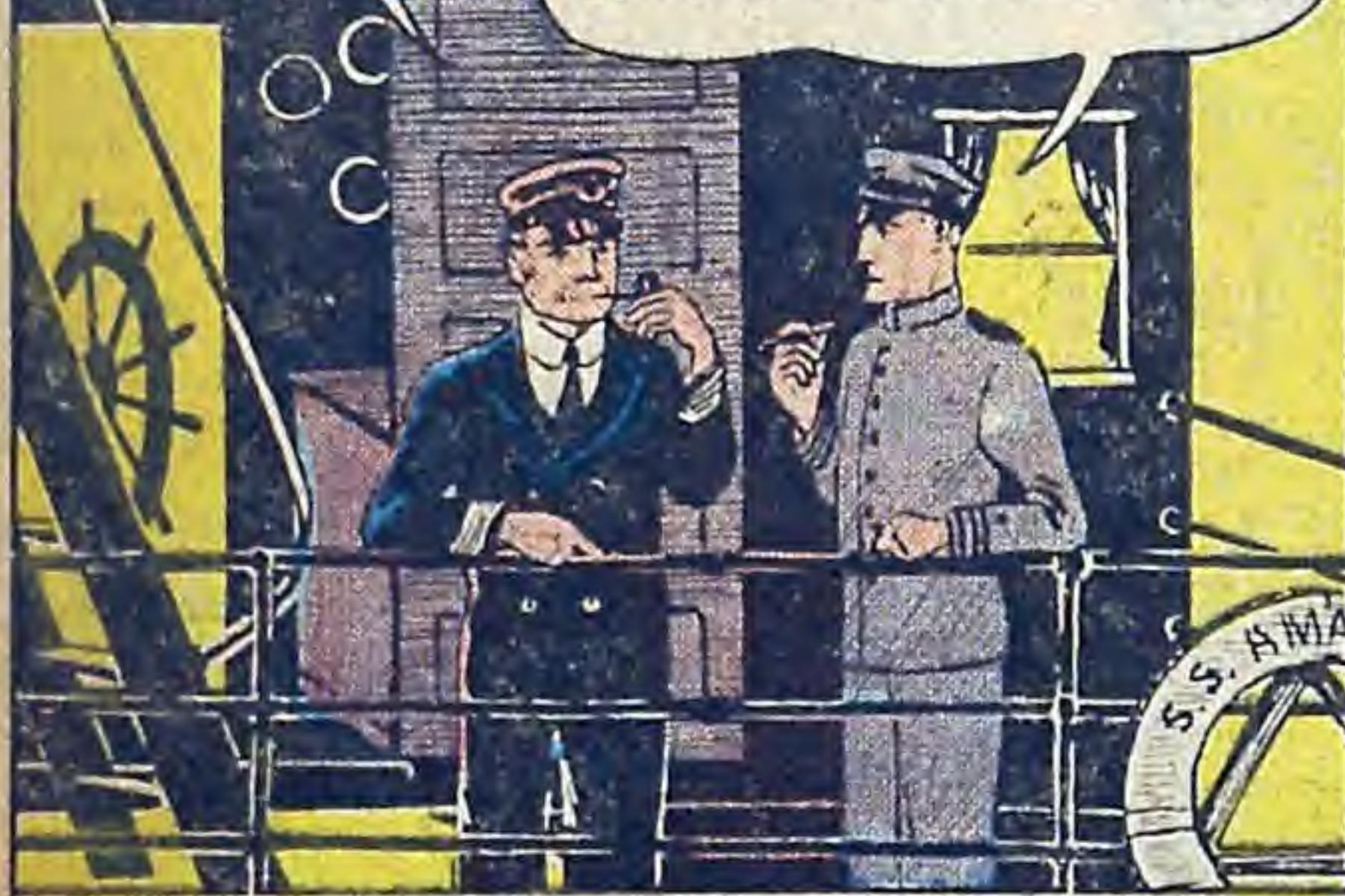
* CODE FLAGS - THE OFFICER REFERS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM, BY WHICH A SHIP OF ONE NATIONALITY MAY EXCHANGE SIGNALS WITH A SHIP OF ANOTHER. THIS SYSTEM IS USED WHEN THE VESSELS ARE FAR APART.

* 'LAY BELOW' - DESCEND TO THE DECK.

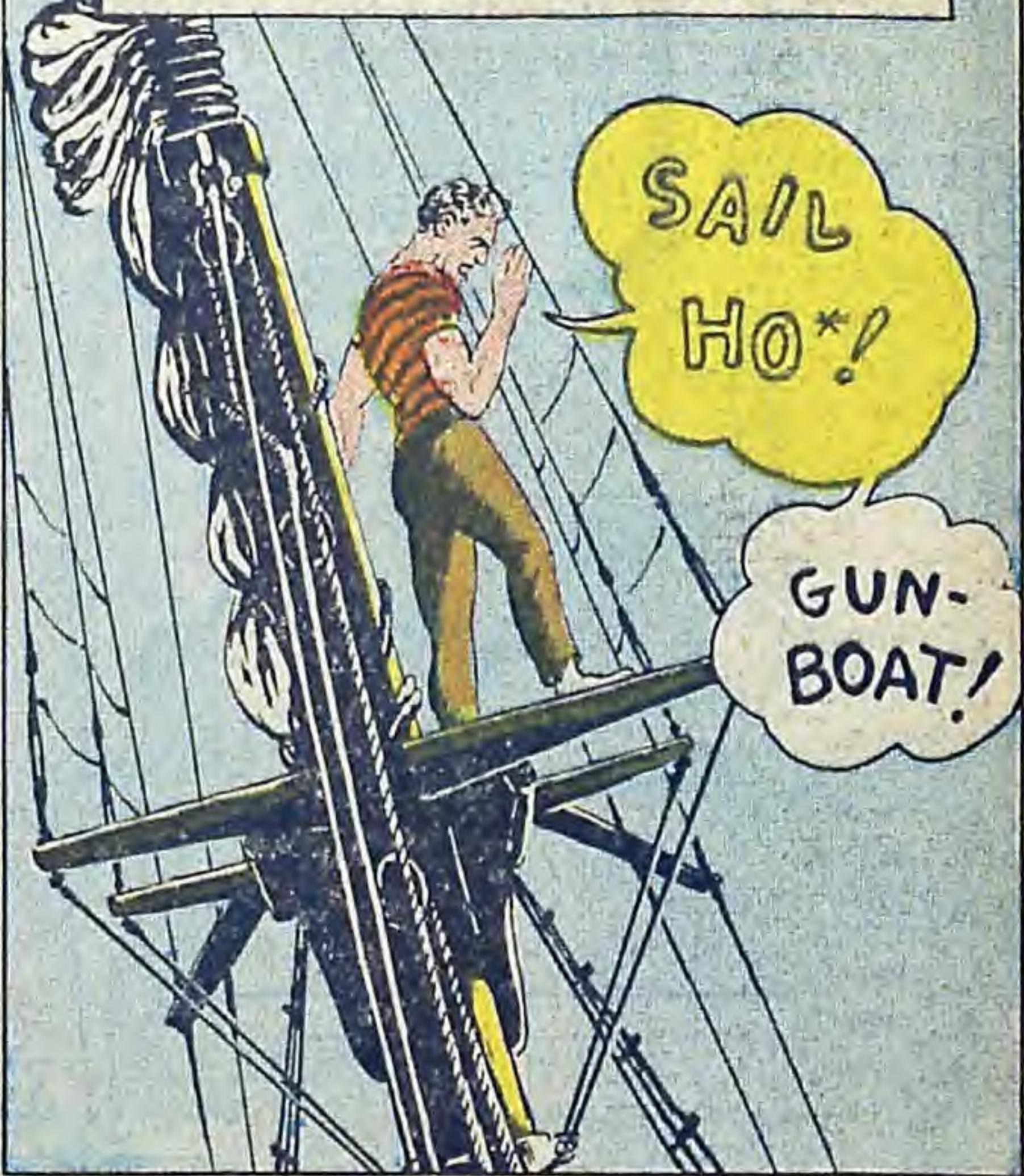
* SPEAKS - TO 'SPEAK' A VESSEL IS TO APPROACH HER NEAR ENOUGH SO THAT VERBAL CONVERSATION MAY BE EXCHANGED (THROUGH A MEGAPHONE, IF THERE BE MUCH WIND).

-AND THE SCHOONER HELD TO THE SAME COURSE AS OURS, - SO SHE IS PROBABLY MAKING FOR THIS PORT!

YES, - AND IF THIS WIND HOLDS, SHE SHOULD BE HERE IN A COUPLE OF DAYS! - I BELIEVE, CAPTAIN, THAT THIS SCHOONER HAS BEEN SUPPLYING THE ARMS FOR THESE RECENT UP-RISEINGS! -- THAT FELLOW WHO SIGNALLED YOU EVIDENTLY MEANT TO EXPOSE THE SMUGGLERS!



AS THE SCHOONER NEARS PORT-



UP WITH THE HELM!* - WE'VE GOT TO RUN*!

SOMEBODY FIND THAT BLASTED KID! - SEND 'IM BELOW!



YOU DON'T SEND ME BELOW THIS TIME, CAPTAIN!

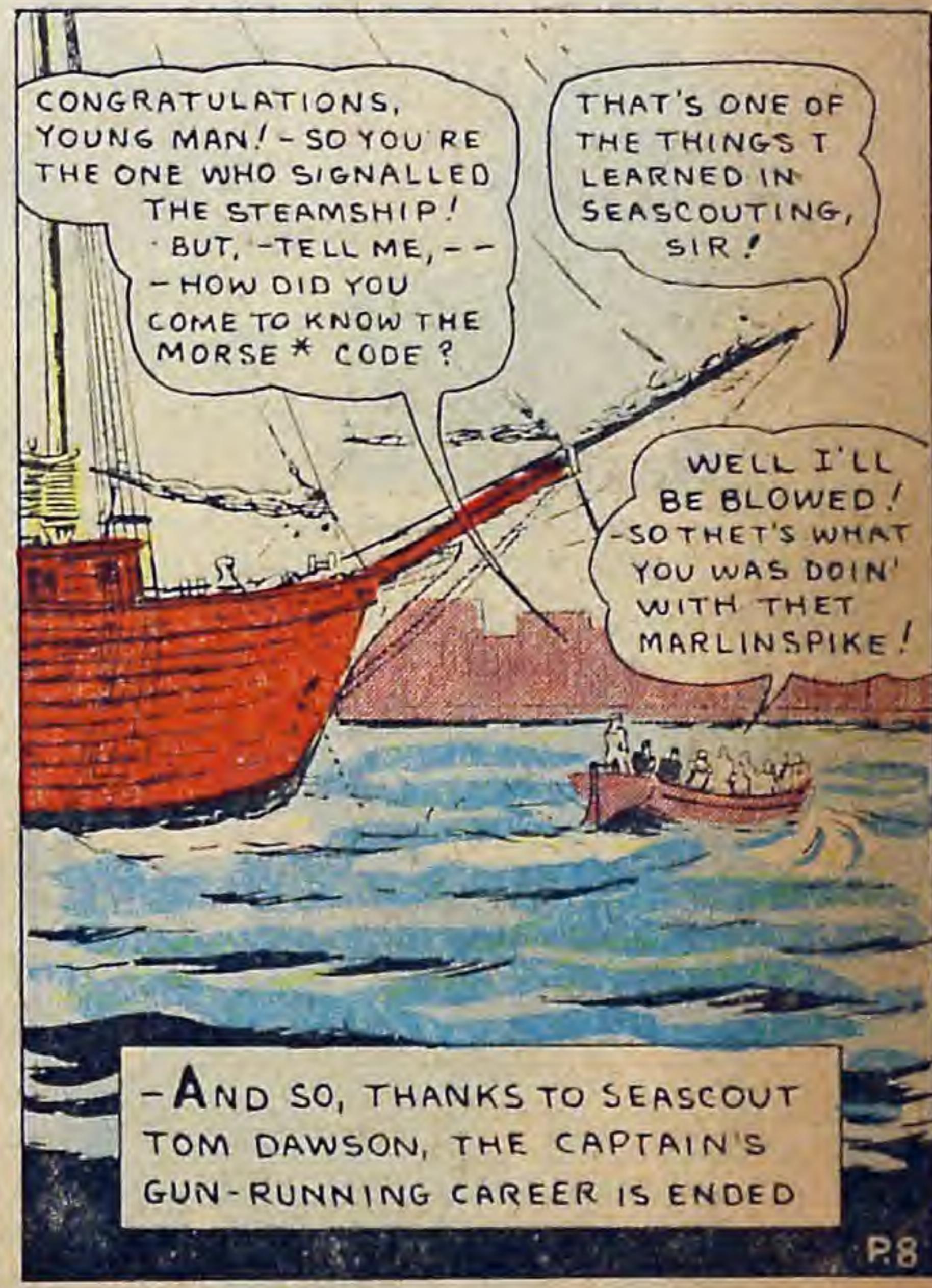


P7

* 'SAIL HO!' - THE CRY REFERS TO ANY VESSEL, NOT NECESSARILY A SAILING CRAFT.

* 'UP WITH THE HELM' - TO TURN THE STEERING WHEEL SO THAT THE VESSEL'S BOW WILL LIE FARTHER FROM THE WIND.

* RUN - TO SAIL BEFORE THE WIND, SO AS TO MAKE GREATER SPEED.



* RIGGING - THE ROPES AND GEAR SUPPORTING THE MASTS.
* 'HEAVE TO' - STOP THE VESSEL'S HEADWAY.



THE YELLOW TERROR

A COMPLETE STORY OF
ADVENTURE ON
A FOREIGN SHORE

by
CLAIRE S. MOE

GOOD BYE DR. FROZ. ONE DAY, I HOPE TO
SEE YOU IN AMERICA, TOO



CHINA WILL BE MY PERMANENT HOME.
WITH YOUR FORMULA WORTH A MILLION,
DR. EDDY, AMERICA IS THE ONLY PLACE

MRS. EDDY, I SHALL, INDEED MISS YOUR GREAT INVENTOR HUSBAND - IT HAS
BEEN A PLEASURE TO WORK WITH HIM
IN THIS LABORATORY

THANK YOU
DR. FROZ -
GOOD-BYE



NOW LET'S HURRY HOME. I HOPE THE AGENT
HAS ARRIVED /
DON'T LIKE
MULA AROUND
IT'S SOLD
WITH THE MONEY-
TO CARRY THIS FOR-
WITH ME SINCE

STRANGE THE U.S. AGENT HASN'T BEEN
HERE. TAKE CARE OF THIS PAPER WHILE
I RUSH ONCE MORE DOWN TO THE
FOREIGN OFFICE, HE MIGHT
STILL BE
THERE



SUNNY I HIDE THIS IN YOUR POCKET, NO ONE
MUST YOU AND I WILL KNOW WHERE IT IS. (TOLD
LOTUS TO GO DOWN INTO THE KITCHEN

THIS IS OUR LAST
NIYE IN CHINA
MOMMY!

LOTUS WAS ANY BODY HERE WHILE
I WAS OUT?

NO SIR.

TELL MRS. EDOV
THAT I'M BACK

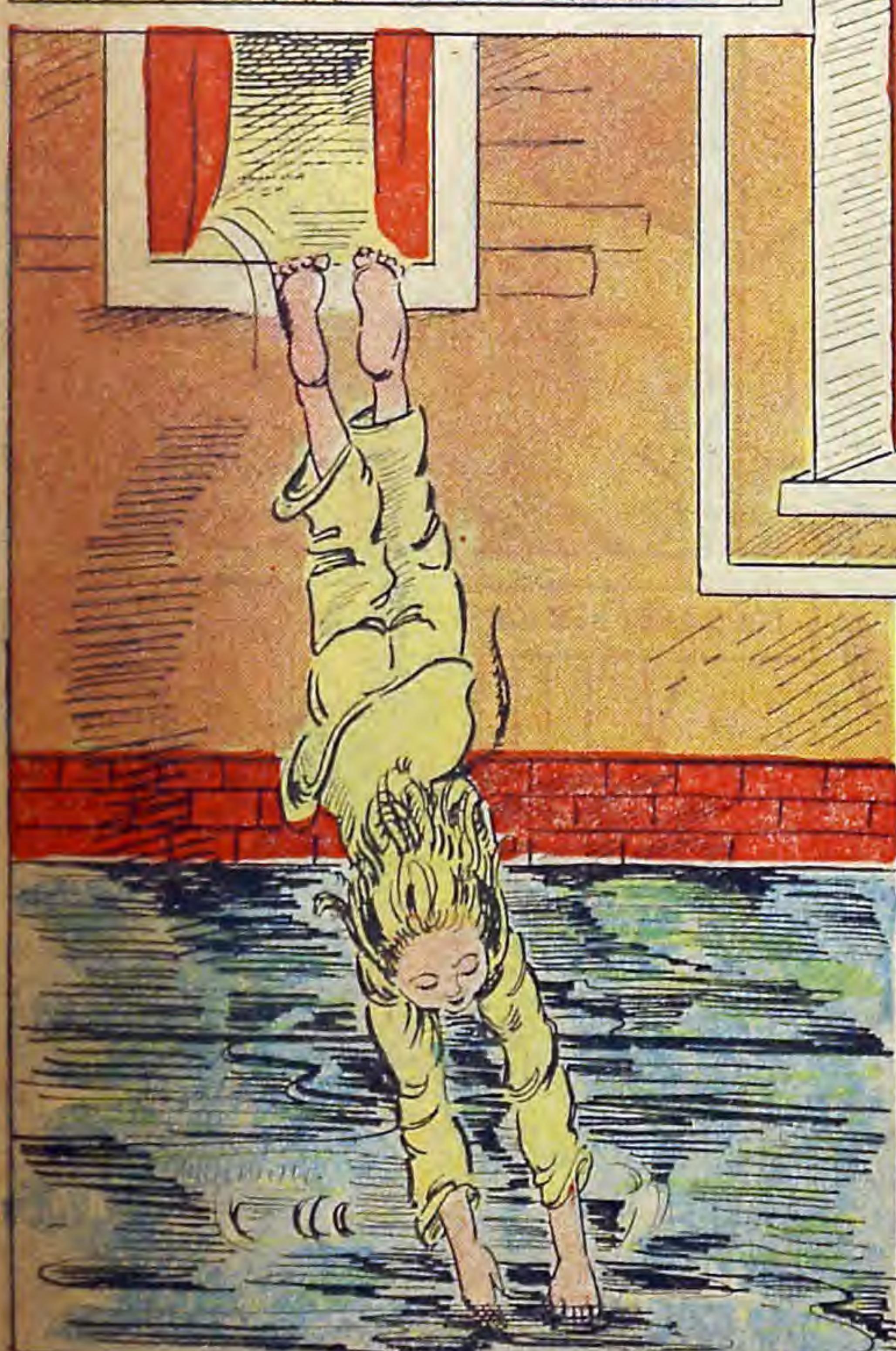
THEY TOLD ME AT THE OFFICE THE MAN HAD LEFT TO COME OUT
HERE AT FIVE O'CLOCK P.M.
NOW IT'S AFTER MIDNITE AND TO-
MORROW WE ARE SAILING

DON'T WORRY
DEAR!

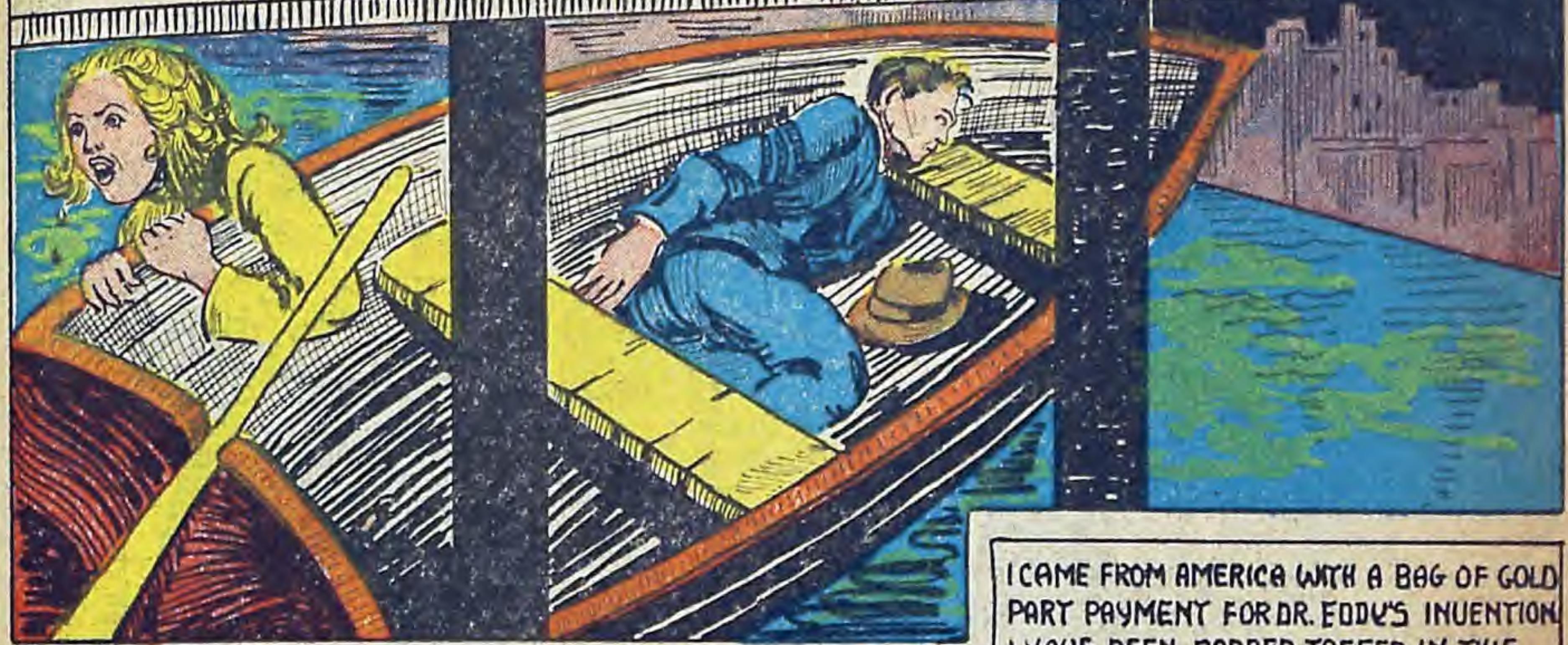
YOUR NURSE LOTUS NO
SERUANT-SHE SPV-I
GET PAPER-YOU MOVE
I KILL-

DODO GRAB HER KNIFE!

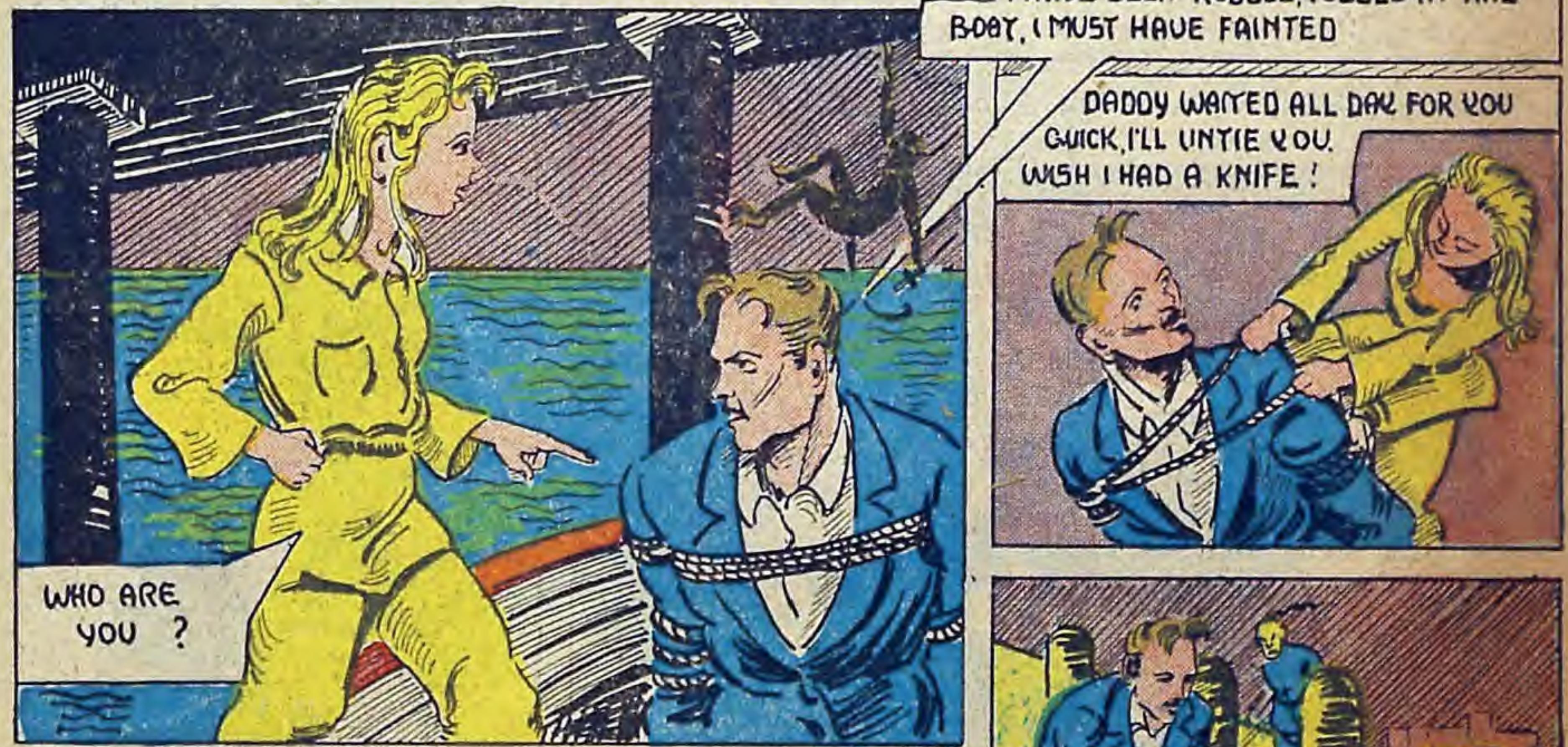




GEE! I WONDER WHO THAT UGLY MAN WAS UP IN MY
ROOM?



I CAME FROM AMERICA WITH A BAG OF GOLD
PART PAYMENT FOR DR. EDDY'S INVENTION.
I HAVE BEEN ROBBED, TOSSED IN THIS
BOAT. I MUST HAVE FAINTED



LET'S RUN ! THAT STRANGE MAN
WHO WAS WITH LOTUS MIGHT HURT
ME DADDY AND MOTHER

SOMETHING ENTIRELY
WRONG - ALL AROUND



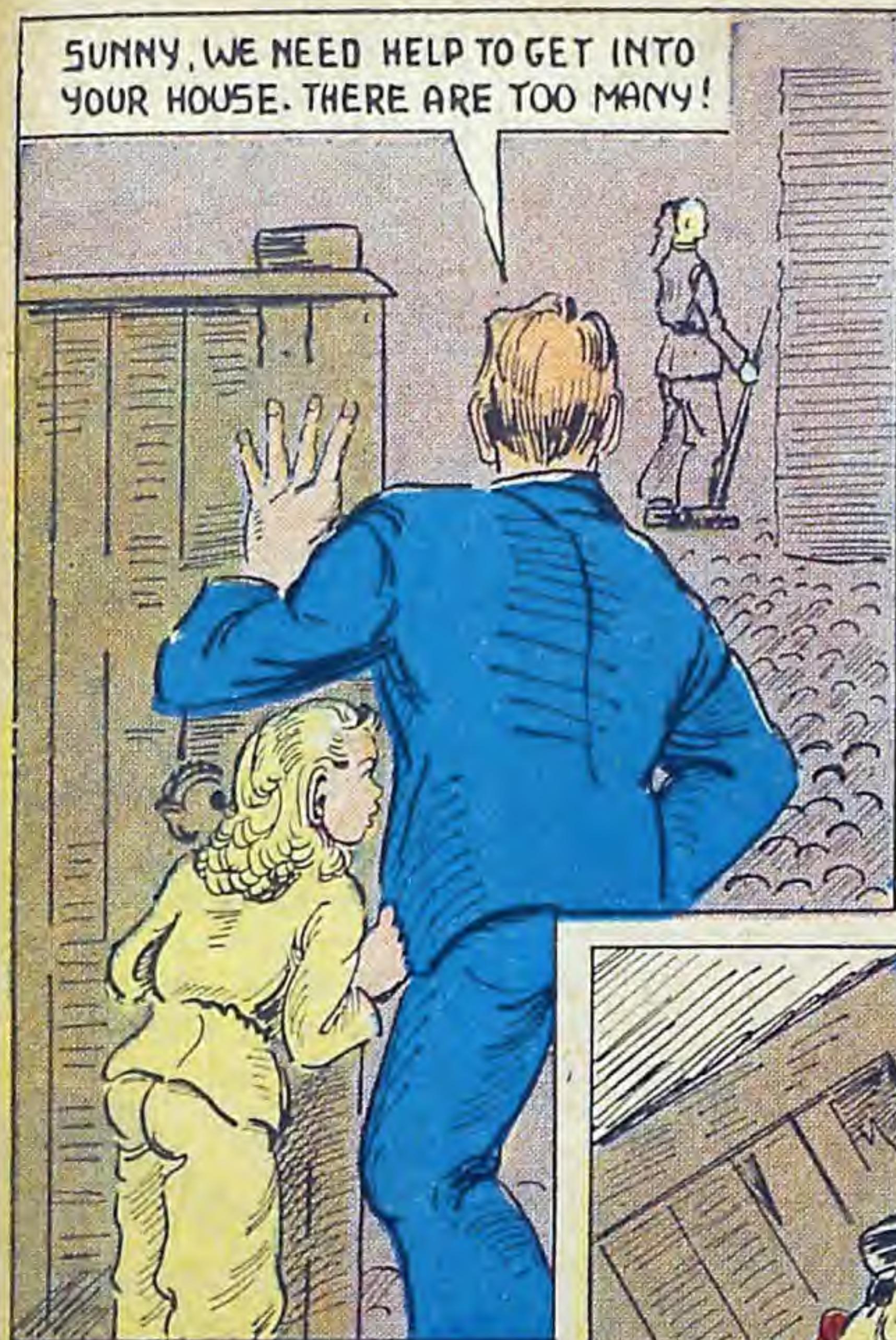
IF DODO HADN'T GIVEN US A WARNING,
I'M CERTAIN, THIS BANDIT WOULD HAVE
FINISHED US!

LOOK, MR. BROWN AT MY HOUSE!



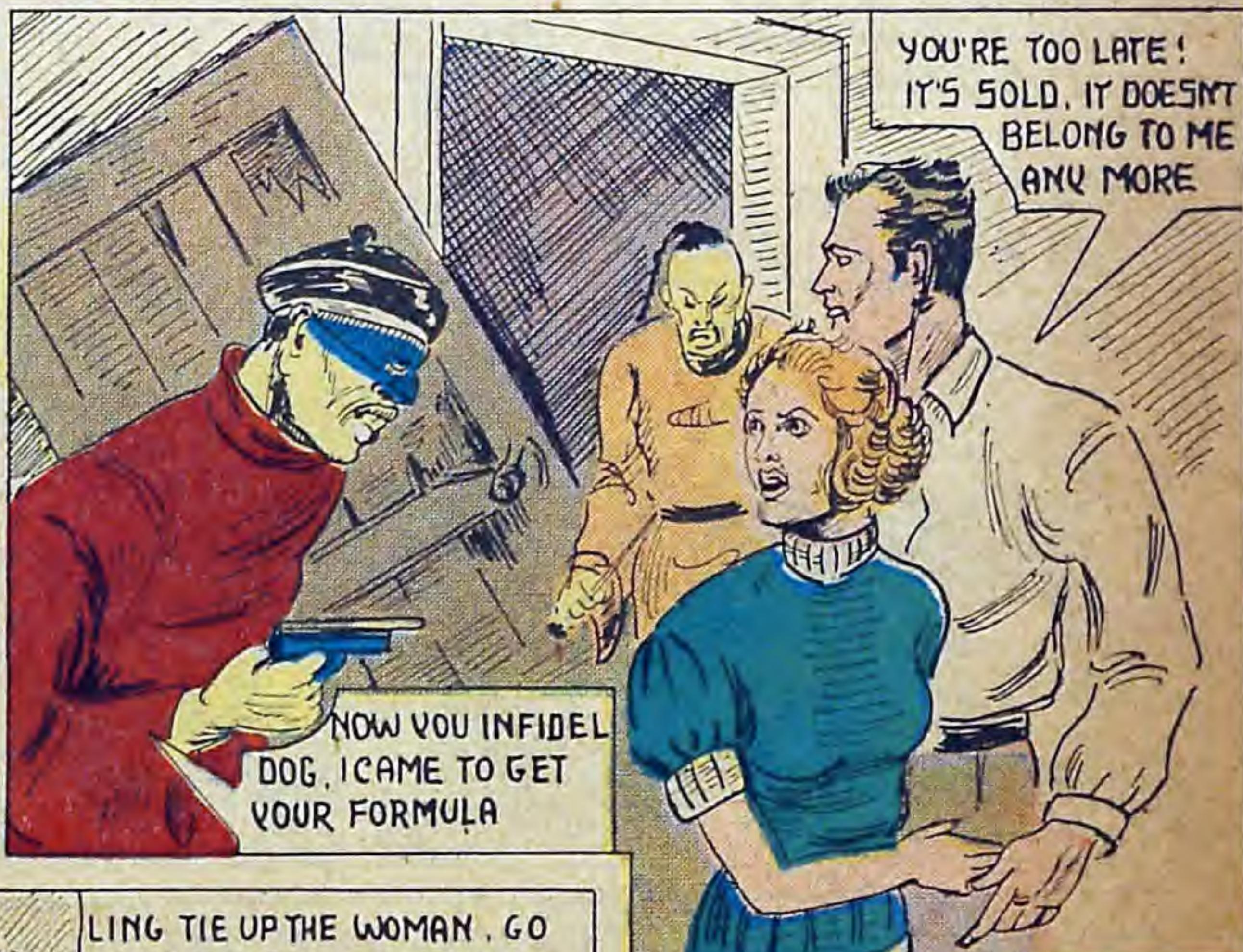
SUNNY, WE NEED HELP TO GET INTO YOUR HOUSE. THERE ARE TOO MANY!

THEY MIGHT KIDNAP MOMMY AND DADDY. YOU STAY AND WATCH. I'LL SWIM ACROSS THE RIVER FOR HELP. THE BOAT MAKES TOO MUCH NOISE!



IMPOSSIBLE! THE RIVER IS A MILE ACROSS.

MEANWHILE THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS INSIDE SUNNY'S HOME



NOW YOU INFIDEL DOG, I CAME TO GET YOUR FORMULA

YOU'RE TOO LATE! IT'S SOLD, IT DOESN'T BELONG TO ME ANY MORE



YOU LIE! YOU'RE STILL IN POSSESSION OF IT. I KNOW.

LING TIE UP THE WOMAN, GO GET THE CHILD PUT THEM THROUGH A LITTLE TORTURE, IT WILL MAKE THE DOCTOR TALK.

PLEASE DON'T HURT SUNNY! I'LL GET THE FORMULA



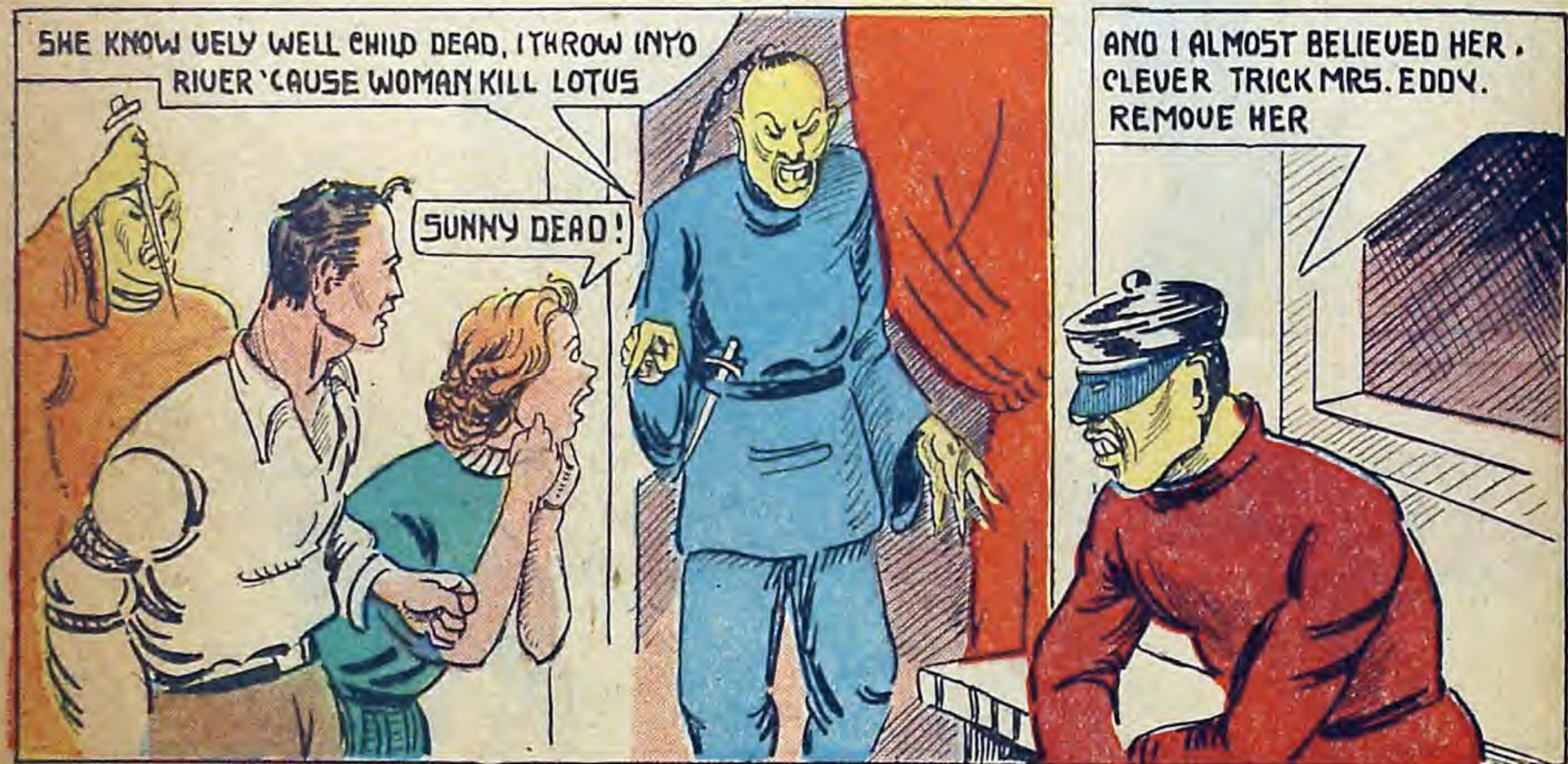
GO GET IT FOR HIM DEAR, IT'S BETTER SO
UNTIE ME . I HID IT UPSTAIRS WITH SUNNY

ALLRIGHT LET HER GO!
I'LL KEEP HIM COVERED



SHE KNOW UELY WELL CHILD DEAD, I THROW INTO
RIVER 'CAUSE WOMAN KILL LOTUS

AND I ALMOST BELIEVED HER.
CLEVER TRICK MRS. EDDY.
REMOUE HER

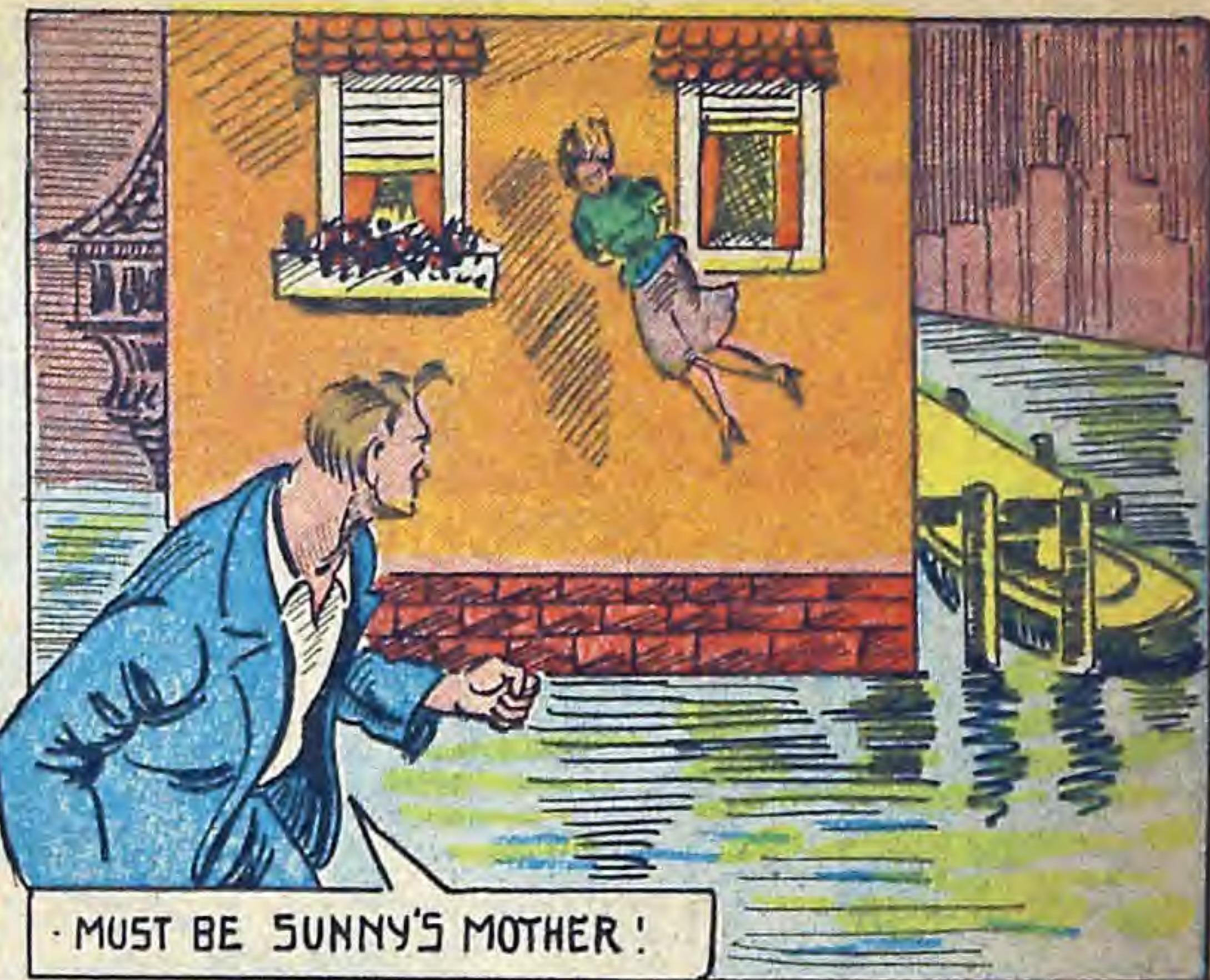


WELL, WELL DOCTOR YOU'RE
RATHER ROUGH WITH THE BOYS
I DIDNT THINK YOU HAD IT IN
YOU

WHITE WOMAN TRINK
PLENTY WATER



BOYS GET THE DOCTOR READY, WE'LL
MAKE HIM TALK !

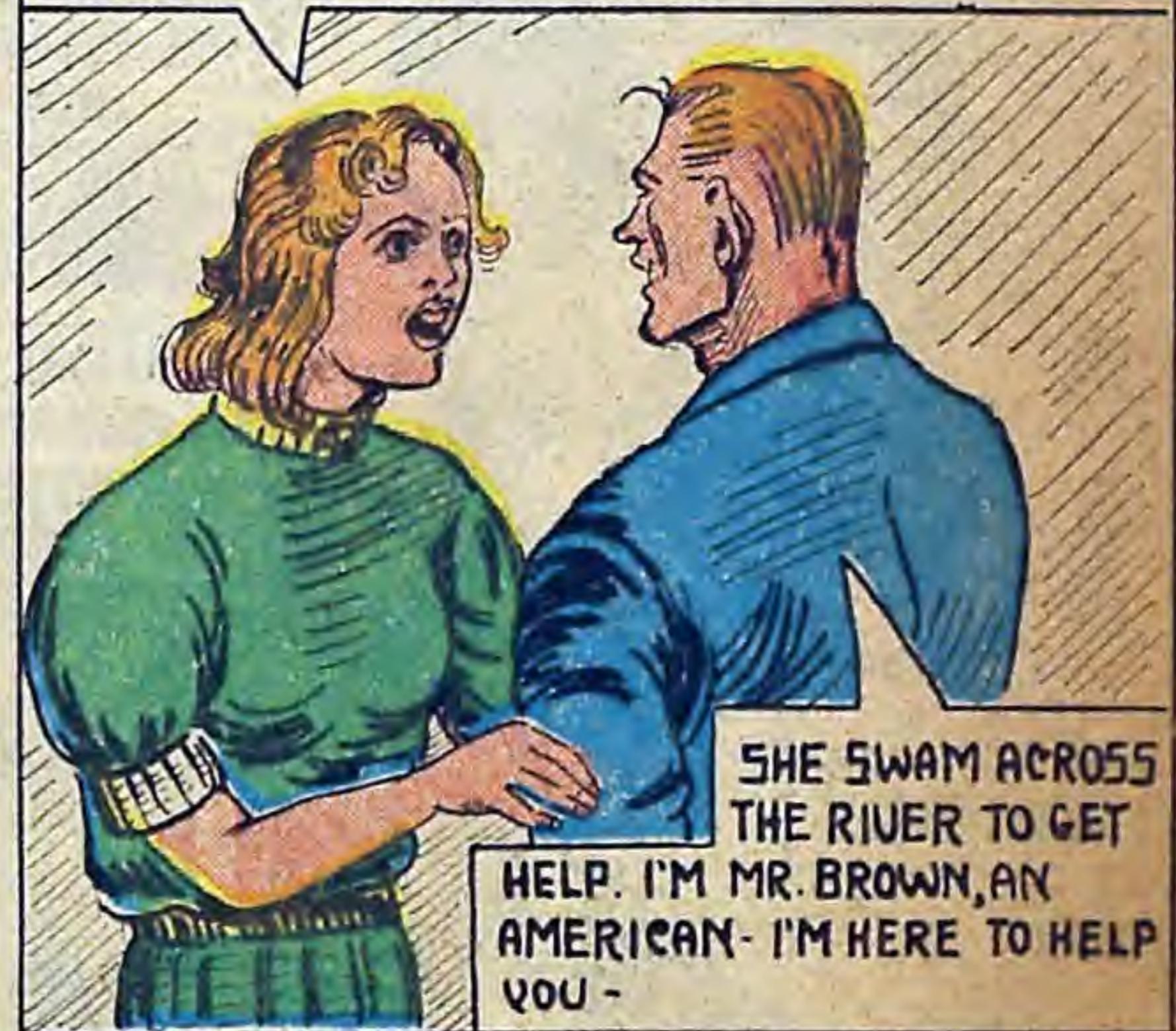


HOLD ON MRS. EDDY, ARE YOU HURT? I'LL HELP
YOU

WHO ARE YOU?

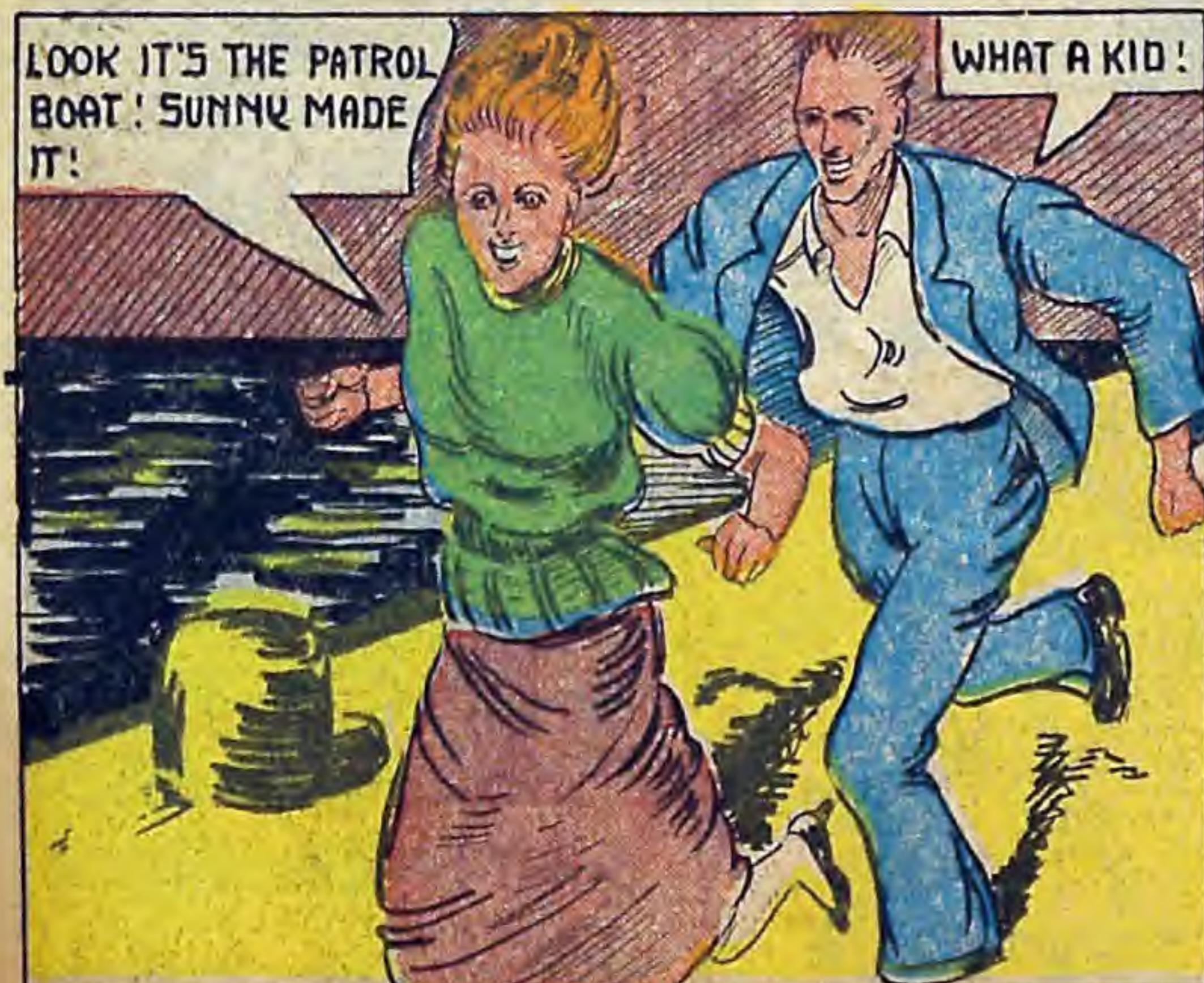


YOU MEAN TO SAY, YOU SPOKE TO SUNNY AND
SHE IS ALIVE - WHERE IS SHE ?



LOOK IT'S THE PATROL
BOAT! SUNNY MADE
IT!

WHAT A KID!



MR MEN HAVE HOUSE ALL SURROUNDED
COME, LET'S GO

SWELL !!

SUNNY !

MOTHER !

WHILE
INSIDE
DR. EDDY
GOES THROUGH
THE MOSY
CRUEL
GRILLING

JUST FIVE MORE MINUTES DOCTOR IF YOU STILL DECLINE TO WRITE
OUT YOUR FORMULA I, MYSELF,
SHALL PLUNGE THIS DAGGER
INTO YOUR HEART

I REFUSE !

BEFORE I PROCEED, I AM
DELIGHTED TO INTRODUCE
MYSELF:
DR. FROZ

NOW I KNOW ! YOU DIRTY
YELLOW - * * !!

TO SEE YOU SUFFER-AH ! WHAT
A PLEASURE !!

GO TO IT -
LET ME

PUSH HARD, DON'T
DO ALL THE WORK
YOU - - * *

NOW THE
PLEASURE
IS ALL
MINE

SWELL JOB DOCTOR, TOO BAD I CAME TOO
LATE. COME, AND CHILD
ING

YOUR WIFE
ARE WAIT-

WHAT ! CAN THIS BE
TRUE ? !



ALUMINUM STREAMLINED BICYCLE



BOYS, 12 to 16! Three hundred big prizes, including athletic equipment, movie machine, typewriter, musical instruments, printing press—and this aluminum streamlined bicycle! Bike comes fully equipped with electric horn, coaster brake, headlight, parking stand, wheel lock, etc. Low, bow-arch, streamlined frame; chromium plated; 20% lighter than most bikes. Swift, flashy, sturdy.

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City..... State.....



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DON'T DELAY!**

Name..... *Ranger House*
Street Address.....
City.....
State.....

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NEW REMINGTON NOISELESS PORTABLE

10¢
A DAY

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